AUSTRALIAN
NEW ZEALAND $5.50*
DECEMBER 1985 $3.75*

PLAYBOY

INTERVIEW
PUTTING THE
BITE ON STING

PLAYBOY
SURVEY: WHICH
IS AUSTRALIA'S
BEST STATE?

BIG WAVE
MADNESS
CHEATING DEATH
IN HAWAII

THE WORLD'S
SEXIEST CARNIVAL

DIPLOMATIC CORPSES
DO WE REALLY NEED
AMBASSADORS?

LONG
TALL ALI
SYDNEY'S SASSY
CENTREFOLD

Peter Jackson 30's,

you're laughing!

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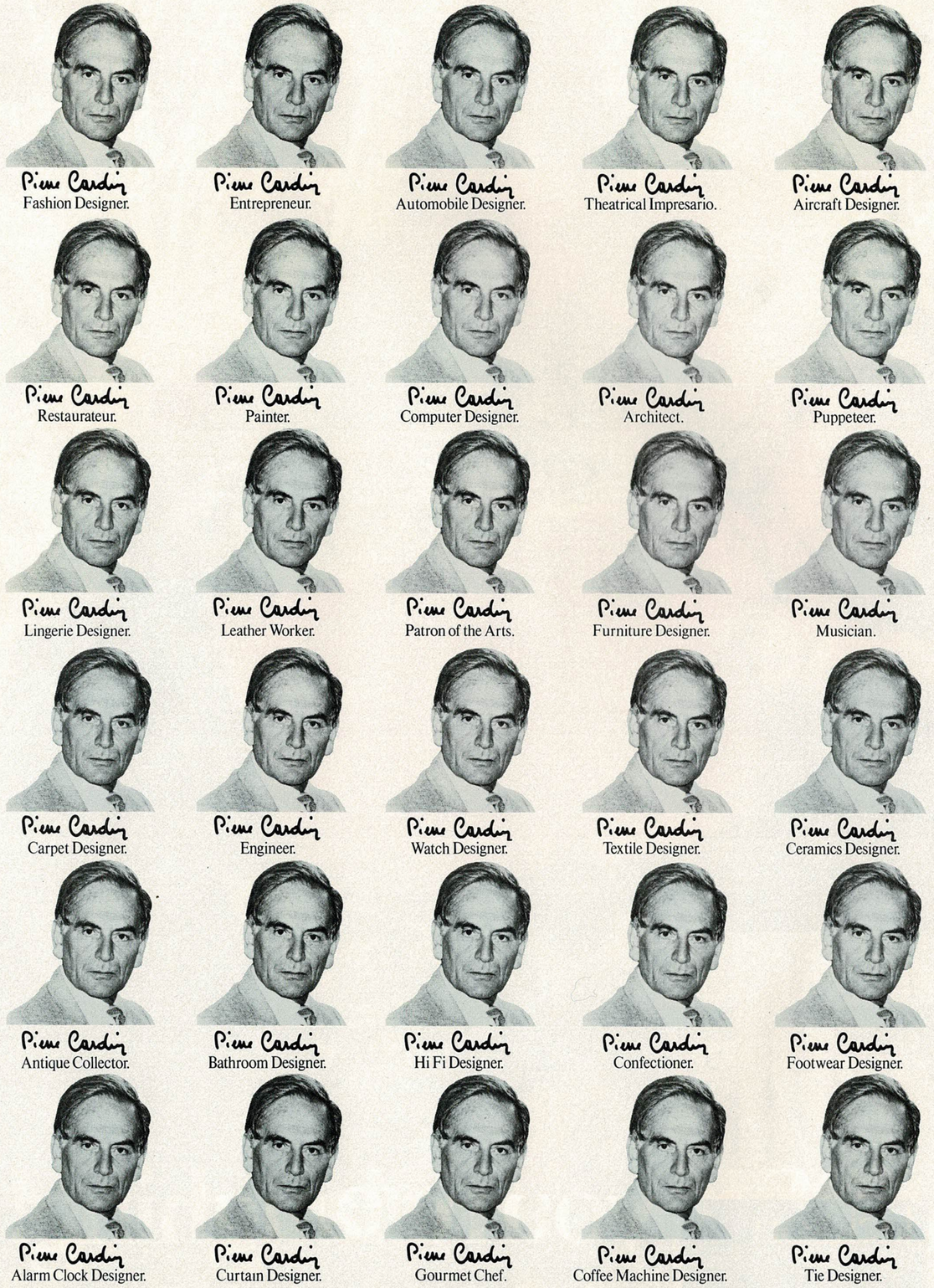


AND TO THINK HIS MOTHER ALWAYS WANTED HIM TO BECOME A DOCTOR.

PLAYBILL

The heat is on. Summer is in full sizzle and we have a vibrant, versatile issue of Australian PLAYBOY to give you many hours of reading and viewing pleasure right through this long, hot December.

So you reckon your state of Australia is the best? Think you've got the best standard of living, superior amenities, hottest women and coldest beer? Check out **Seth Gregory's** *The State Of The Nation.* The results of his survey on the best place to live in Australia may give you a jolt.

And you're sure to be equally surprised by **Alan Renouf's** incisive look at the state of our foreign service. His *Diplomatic Corpses* raises the question whether or not Australia really needs a diplomatic corps at all. Renouf was a career diplomat who served as Australian ambassador in top posts under both Liberal and Labor governments, and he writes with extraordinary frankness and a degree of distaste about the goings-on at our embassies and high commissions.

Our Playboy Interview subject this month is Sting, ex-member of Police and now a smash-hit solo performer. **David** and **Victoria Sheff** put the bite on Sting to discover his opinions on subjects as disparate as mortality, monogamy, power politics and rock'n'roll.

Leggy Sydney model Ali Lynwood is our sassy Playmate Of The Month. We couldn't resist calling her pictorial spread *Long Tall Ali,* and photographer **Bob Watson's** shots show why this sexy centrefold has never been short of admirers. Other pictorial treats this December include a salute to the suntanned girls of summer, a tantalising look at gorgeous Pam Saunders and a tempting taste of pretty blonde Ann Mellor.

And we mustn't forget **Rennie Ellis's** astonishing account of the carnal pleasures of Carnival in Rio. His explicit photography of the gorgeous girls, the uninhibited street parades and costume balls in the Brazilian capital makes for memorable, not to say stimulating viewing!

Former Australian surfing champion **Nick Carroll's** *Big Wave Madness* deals with killer surf in Hawaii, and he has also chosen his Top Twelve surfers of all time based on their performances in Hawaii.

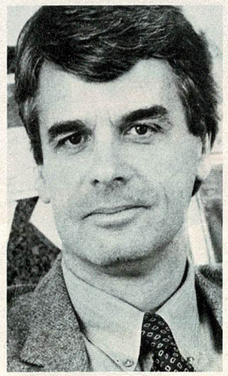
We set senior contributing editor **Phil Jarratt** the enviable task of sinking a few pints with West Australian brewer Phil Sexton. His article, *What A Bottler!,* reveals that Sexton aspires to be top of the hops and has already earned a reputation as one of our best brewers.

Okay, you're in a crowded bar, you see a beautiful stranger across the room, you catch her eye. Then what? **Peter Nelson's** short story, *Getting The Message,* offers one course of action you may not have considered. The ripper piece of artwork is crafted by **Bill Rieser.**

Now, once you have this mysterious stranger back at your place, how do you turn her on? Sock it to her with a blast of your high-tech hi-fi system, of course. Check out **Greg Borrowman's** *The Ultimate Hi-fi Guide* for all the good oil on what equipment to buy, how much to pay, what extras you need.

And don't forget to dip into **Asa Baber's** Men column, our monthly pages on Booze, Sport, Showbiz, Women and Money, and the popular Sex section brimming with reader letters and news and views from around the world.

Oh, and please don't neglect to take time out from our chock-a-block December issue to enjoy some of the fun of the festive season. Happy Christmas!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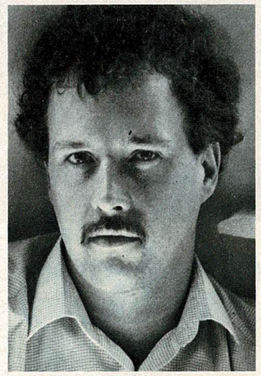
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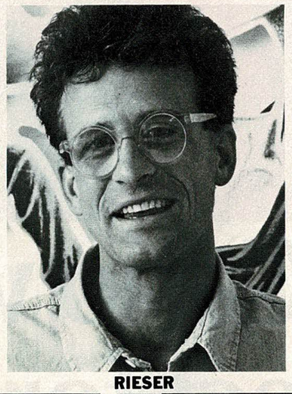
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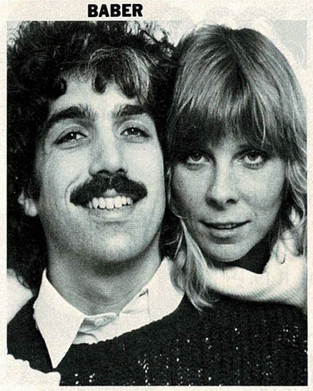
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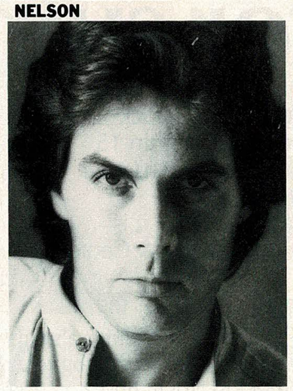
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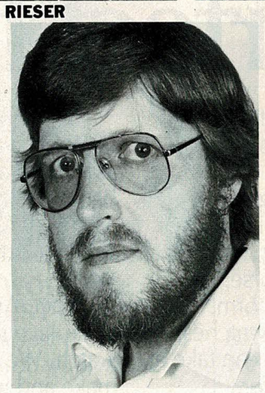
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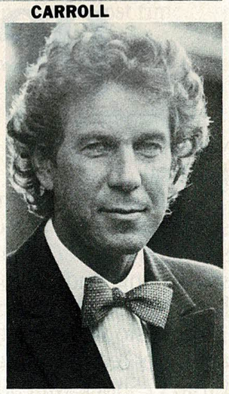
ELLIS

A Casio watch is perfect for summer.

In summer, a watch that isn't water resistant simply isn't practical.

What with the surfing, the swimming, the scuba diving, the sailing, the water skiing, the snorkelling, and, of course, the late afternoon thunderstorm.

All Casio watersport watches are water resistant. You can take a Casio G Shock watch, for example, to a depth of 200 metres without it missing a beat.

The G Shock is also shock resistant, accurate to within 15 seconds a month, and runs on a battery with a 7 year life.

Like all Casio watches, it is available at every Angus & Coote store.

In fact, Angus & Coote is the best place to buy any kind of watch. We have just about every make and model in stock, and any we don't have, we can get.

We'll replace the battery for free when it first runs out, and we'll fix the watch for you if anything goes wrong.

So, even if it rains every weekend from now until April, at least you'll always know what time it is.

Angus & Coote
The last words in Jewellers since 1895

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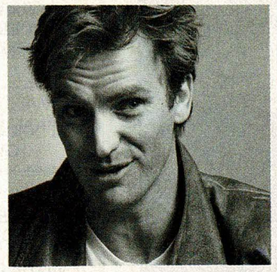

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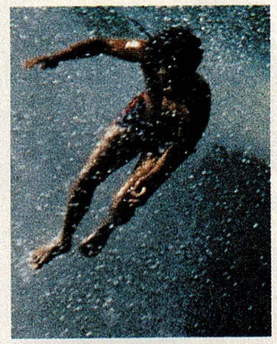

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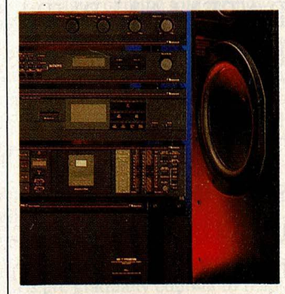

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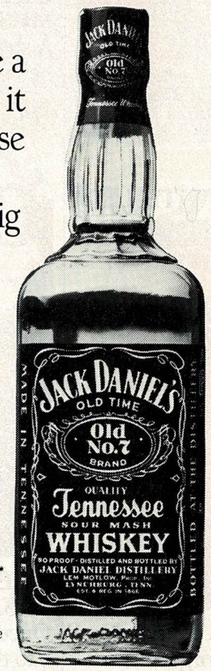
News and views from around the world.

BATEMAN, BURNS AND BRANCH sound like Philadelphia lawyers. Actually, they're rickers from Tennessee.

There aren't many men who can take a stack of hard maple wood and burn it into tiny pieces of charcoal. But these three gentlemen can. And, after the charcoal is ground and packed into big vats, they make sure our whiskey is gentled down through it. If you're wondering what accounts for Jack Daniel's smoothness, give the credit to this charcoal. But don't overlook a trio of rickers named Bateman, Burns and Branch.



If you'd like a booklet about Jack Daniel's Whiskey, write us a letter here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352, U.S.A. AB4153/85 JWT644.P287K1

AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

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DEAR PLAYBOY

Address your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.

ON THE RIGHT TRACK

Thank you, Australian PLAYBOY, for the great article on Phil Anderson in the July issue. It's about time he started getting some recognition in Australia for his tremendous performances in Europe, probably the toughest sporting arena.

Cycling is currently booming in this country after years in the doldrums, and it's guys such as Anderson, Dean Woods and our Olympic gold medal track team who are encouraging our children to take up this exciting sport.

Congratulations on your fine magazine and, with girls like Britta Hoppe (also in July), the stunning true blonde with that "come to bed" look, you can't miss out!

John Coffey,
Mayfield, NSW.

MALE POINT OF VIEW

Like nearly everything else currently written, viewed, heard or inferred these days, the July issue contained more than one reference to the rapid changes in community sex roles. Fortunately, Australian PLAYBOY is one of the very few communication vehicles that considers the male viewpoint. Checked out any of the multitude of women's magazines lately? Indoctrination is in full swing and agents have been posted almost everywhere.

Let's face it, guys, some of us are a little concerned. And why wouldn't we be when bombarded with criticism and often arrogant demands? In the eyes of many feminists, we are the enemy under fire and this negative approach is spreading.

No doubt there are plenty of sexists about but it happens that many of them are females. Consider some of *their* inconsistencies! Very few of them get labelled the way we do; perhaps it's because men have become too complacent.

Let's keep our eyes open and fight back. Does anyone out there remember when stereotype meant a brand of hi-fi?

Stephen O'Brien,
Bardwell Park, NSW.

ALL ABOUT WOMEN

I wish to congratulate you on your Men and Women columns which appear each month. These are always written with humor and sensitivity and I have learned a lot about the female of the species by reading what Cynthia Heimel, Susan Kurosawa and your other Women columnists have had to say on subjects as far-reaching as married men, street hassling, morning sex and fidelity.

Andrew Stewart,
Whale Beach, NSW.

SPEED, NOT COMFORT

I like my women built for speed, not comfort. Imagine how knocked out I was by Sydney's Jenna Bourke in your October issue. If she's still looking for a partner for her trip around Australia, I'm her man! I must admit that the fabulous Buick Wildcat caught my attention, too.

I've got itchy feet just like Jenna so I'll keep my fingers crossed that I'll meet up with her somewhere in my travels! Until then, it would be a buzz to see another picture of Jenna on the Dear Playboy page.

Joel Bennett,
Kenmore, Qld.

Happy to report we persuaded Jenna to put on her brakes long enough for a further pic —Ed.

YOU'RE HOT, MADONNA

What's all this I've been hearing about the nude pictures of Madonna in that other men's magazine being better than the ones in September Australian PLAYBOY?

Your pictorial of the sexiest woman in rock was by far the better of the two. She certainly is one of the hottest women around and I just love her wild approach to life and her music.

My congratulations on a fine pictorial.

Darren Lieu,
Vermont, Vic.

The photos you ran of Madonna in the September issue of Australian PLAYBOY were beautiful. I thought the poses were unusually artistic and the photographer caught Madonna's very distinctive facial expressions, including that famous pout, wonderfully well. As far as female rock stars go, Madonna's without peers.

Josephine Miller,
Epping, NSW.

SHOCKING STUFF

Peter Schneidas's two-part account (August and September) of his experiences in a boys' home (what a misnomer!) makes shattering reading. To think that people in the employ of government corrective services could so abuse the children in their care.

As if in confirmation of all he wrote, I read in the newspapers a while ago that he has once again been beaten up and returned to solitary after his brief respite (gained at such cost to himself by a hunger strike).

Will he ever be safe from recrimination?

But worst of all, and a total insult to the public's intelligence, is the finding of the police inquiry that he beat himself up, that the wounds were self-inflicted. What contempt the law enforcement authorities must have for us.

Alastair Duggan,
Fremantle, WA.

GOING DUTCH

I read your October Men column about premature male feminists with great amusement and more than a little sympathy. Many men would agree with the writer's sentiments but so do a lot of us women.

A male colleague of mine told me how an American girl in the office asked him for a lift home one night. On the way she casually suggested they stop off at a ritzy watering hole. Somewhat unwillingly he agreed, but after the first round he indicated he only had a few dollars with him. She then rooted through the moths in her purse and very grudgingly threw 10 bucks on the table. "Australian men!" she hissed.

Things must be every bit as bad, and perhaps worse, in the States. At least we Aussie girls are gradually coming to realise the obligations that come with equality.

Deidre Atkins,
Adelaide, SA.

WORK OF ART

Paul Mann's article, *What's On The Box Tonight?*, was great reading in your July issue but particular congratulations should go to artist Geoff Kelly for such a fabulous illustration.

Hope to see more of his work in coming issues.

Geoff Owen,
North Bondi, NSW.

Write to us! Send your letters to the above address, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that keep it short and snappy. We'll give a 12 month subscription for each Dear Playboy letter we publish.

Bacardi rum. Sip it before you add the lemonade.

You'll discover the reason why any drink made with Bacardi rum tastes so good . . . it's the Bacardi. Smooth and subtle, Bacardi rum has a character all its own. For a copy of the Bacardi rum Party Book with more than 80 recipes, write to: Bacardi rum Party Book, PO Box 498, Milsons Point, NSW 2061.

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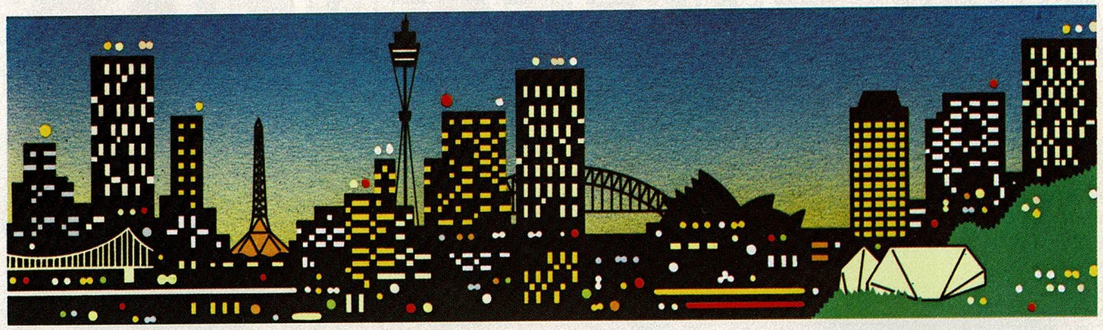
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



ALL THAT ALFALFA

Our favorite ad this month was spotted in a country newspaper: "Health Foods Business For Sale. Must sell because of ill health."

BULLET TRAIN

A Sydney policeman accidentally shot himself in the leg when his revolver went off as he was sitting on a train. The officer, a member of the armed hold-up squad, said he put the gun in his pocket when his holster strap broke. Apparently the jerking motion of the carriage, something not uncommon in Sydney trains, triggered the gun.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The Auto Cycle Union (ACU), which controls motor cycle racing in Australia, has a branch in every state. They're known as the ACUNSW, ACUV, ACUSA and so on. Wonder why they've refused to open an office in the NT?

BEANZ MEANZ THE SHITZ

A chap in England made a meal of sausages and beans for himself and his wife one night, but his wife was more interested in staying down the pub. So Henry Lennox of Basingstoke shovelled the sausages and beans into a plastic bag, walked down to the pub and emptied the lot over his wife's head in the main bar. Mrs Lennox followed Henry home, still covered in beans, and lobbed a half brick through the window of their home, whereupon Henry came out and belted her with a door prop. The local magistrate who was trying Henry for assault said the couple should try and patch up their differences.

HOPPING MAD

John Kevin Earlly of Auckland was going home late one night and decided he would take a short cut through the park. He shinned over a high wall, dropped down the other side, and was making his way through some shrubs when a lion leaped out, ripped off his left leg and ate it. Just imagine John's surprise. Especially when he realised he had climbed into the Auckland Zoo.

ROLLED

A pommie undertaker whose business had, er, died, pulled a naughty stunt in London recently when he dropped into a Rolls-Royce showroom with one of his pallbearers, looking for a new car. The pair took out a couple of Rollers for a test drive. . . and kept on driving. Down to Dover, on to the cross-channel ferry, through France and into Spain, which has no extradition treaty with Britain.

The company which owned the Rollers was not to be outdone that easily. They must have gone to Arthur Daley for assistance. They hired a couple of expert car thiefs who went to Spain, tracked down the undertaker on the Costa Del Sol and pulled a double sting, pinching the Rollers, worth a cool half-million dollars, and driving them safely back to London. Nice one, Arfur!

BUT I BROUGHT IT WITH ME

We know shoplifting is a serious crime but store security staff have been known to be over-zealous. We've heard of one recent case where a woman was detained for an hour at a department store, made to take off her jacket and jumper and to lift up her blouse to prove she had not shoplifted a basketball.

What she did prove was her advanced state of pregnancy. She's suing for heaps.

AS GOOD AS A WINK

A blind rapist was jailed for 12 years in England recently after sexually assaulting a 31-year-old unmarried mother in her home. It seems he knew the woman and visited her occasionally because she had taken pity on him and would cook him meals.

Asked why he had raped her the blind man said: "She gave me the nod." Honest, we don't make these up.

COLD DUCK

And now a newsflash from Canberra. Vets in the ACT have conducted post-mortems on three ducks found dead by a roadside and concluded that the ducks were run over. Couldn't they just tell. . . somehow?

BUMMED OUT

Mrs Joan Scavell, a 47-year-old housewife from New London, Connecticut, had been drinking with a friend one weekday when she heard the circus was in town and a few elephants were to be seen doing tricks at a local supermarket car park. Joan insisted on going down to have a ride on one of the elephants. Her friend tried to talk her out of it, the trainer said no, but when nobody was looking she took a running jump on to the back of a 3000 kilo elephant called Freda. So Freda sat on her. Afterwards they just hosed down the car park.

INSIDE JOB

Thanks to *The Manchester Guardian* in England we now have the definitive example of the phrase *adding insult to injury*. It was reported that "A woman who claimed she was raped by two policemen in a cell was found guilty yesterday of wasting police time."

STICK 'EM UP

A leading overseas laboratory has developed an adhesive that will stick to almost any dry or wet surface and will resist burning and removal with typical solvents. The substance can be used for a variety of purposes, according to laboratory officials, but our favorite is its use during war.

Its inventors envision bombarding an enemy airfield with the adhesive. According to the plan, planes would stick to the ground and would be unable to take off. Minister for Defence Kim Beazley has yet to make a statement.

ROCKIN' THE USSR

The Russians don't bugger around when it comes to dealing with unwelcome Western influences such as punk rock. Two members of an underground punk rock band in the Soviet Union have been arrested and charged with treason. The name of the band is Phantom and the two who have been caught have been accused of spreading sedition. If convicted they will face the death penalty. Now that's punk!

TOYOTA BRINGS TWIN CAM TECHNOLOGY TO YOUR KIND OF DRIVING.

Celica twin cam wins Safari Rally 2nd straight year.

World champion race and rally cars have long embodied the exotic engineering of twin cam technology. But now Toyota, capitalizing on more than 20 years of race-bred, high performance experience, puts twin cam performance into the hands of on-the-road drivers.

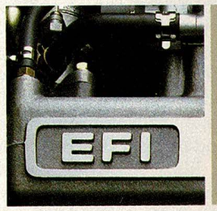
The Toyota engine in the new Celica, for example, is a twin cam masterpiece with multi-valve design. Twin cams provide ideal valve location for efficient combustion and operate valves with minimum time lag for fast response at all speeds. Two intake and exhaust valves per cylinder provide more power. Plus, air flow velocity is computer-regulated accordingly to engine speed.

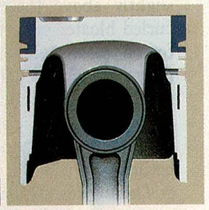
It means Toyota, and only Toyota, has perfected twin cam, multi-valve engines to achieve constant torque and high economy at all engine speeds.

And Toyota doesn't limit advanced technology to passenger cars. In commercial vehicles, Toyota offers engines that feature electronic fuel injection, and such innovative engineering as fibre reinforced pistons that significantly reduce wear and maintenance.

Clearly, Toyota is making an exciting change in your everyday driving.

Oh what a feeling!





TWIN CAM

All SR engines are designed by Toyota for top performance and fuel efficiency on unleaded petrol.

TOYOTA

BOOZE

A good old picnic-style booze-up is the perfect answer for painless summer entertaining.

In this country the instant anyone utters the phrase "summer entertainment", the reply "barbie" comes back as quick as a flash. Now, I've got nothing against barbecues; they are an excellent form of outdoor recreation. However, I do quibble a bit about the fact that we insist on regarding them as marvellous for the official bushfire season.

As far as I am concerned, barbecues are just terrific in our generally mild winter months and extremely pleasant in our usually glorious springs and autumns. But I'd keep them out of the summer festivities. There are enough mugs around these days deliberately lighting fires without the amateur drinking chef adding to the pandemonium.

So for this summer, at least, I've decided to form a society for the revival of the old-fashioned picnic. Not, mind you, that I'm advocating we should all take trams to the nearest beach and pay threepence for a pot of boiling water for the tea. That sort of affair was dreary enough even when great-grandfather managed to nip around the back of the tea-tree scrub and get a quick belt out of his hip flask without being noticed by "mother".

No. My summer picnic revival aims to be slightly above the shredded lettuce and curled bloater paste sandwich horrors that forced most right-thinking men into the fiery arms of the charcoal pit. To my mind, summer picnics should be cool, long, lazy, pleasantly alcoholic and totally delicious in the food division. And the food should not be difficult.

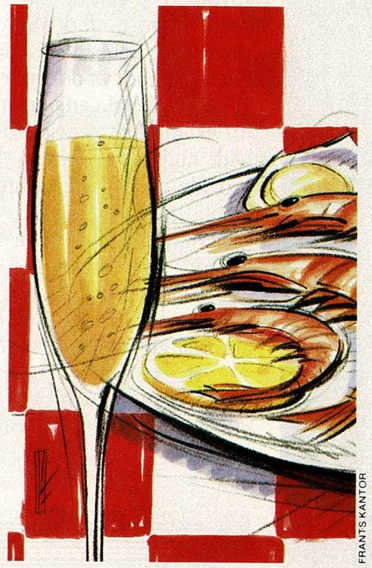
The interesting point here is that while most men actually shove women out of their way to shout instructions and jab forks into the barbie pit, they regard a shopping trip to a deli with something close to sheer terror. I don't know why this is so because a deli trip is no more fraught than one to the hardware store.

A few years ago I was quite fond of writing about the need to search out a good deli for painless summer entertaining from the point of view of males who couldn't or wouldn't cook. But that advice is now totally redundant. Unless one lives behind the fourth gibber in the Great Stony Desert, the ingredients for an extremely pleasant and festive outdoor meal lie at the entrance doors of one's nearest Colesworths.

These days, for example, chain-store delis carry just as many varieties of imported cheeses as your average boutique ham and beef shop. And, as one assumes you are not going to serve your deli foods direct from their plastic bags, no one is going to know where you bought the blasted stuff in the first place.

So for a good summer picnic at home, you will need three principal platters of food — one of assorted cheeses, a second of smoked meats and sliced sausages, and a third of fresh-cooked meats such as roast beef and pork. If you are feeling particularly rich, a splendid fourth, consisting entirely of seafood, can be added.

The seafood platter is ridiculously simple, although slightly expensive. Visit either your local fish markets or the most spankingly fresh fish shop that you know. Buy a selection of cooked prawns, one crayfish, and oysters in the shell. Back home, grab your largest serving platter, cover it with crushed ice, mound the prawns in the centre, surround with oysters in the shell, cut and clean the cray and place medallions of the tail flesh at strategic intervals over the platter and decorate with the claws. Place lemon wedges at useful intervals (plus perhaps a bowl of Chinese dipping fish vinegar with a little chilli sauce in the centre) and serve with happiness.



FRANTS KANTOR

As for the meat platters, buy both your smoked and fresh-cooked meats sliced. Then all you have to do is arrange them on a plate once you have them at home. Buy a number of cheese varieties in smallish wedges; they can be put straight on to a platter.

Whether you like it or not, you'll find many people at affairs of this sort are determined to make sandwiches, so have some good-quality sliced breads and a pot of butter handy, plus the usual water biscuits for cheeses. Also provide an assortment of what the Americans call cream crackers; in that way everyone will be happy.

Turning to party alcohol, you can't please everyone so there is no sense in trying. No sooner have you stocked your bar with every variety of whisky you believed to have existed than some oaf will turn up and demand a shot of Outer Mongolian Yak Hair Single Malt.

So stock some orange juice, soda water and perhaps a bottle of lime juice cordial for the non-drinkers (there are some, you know), and then get in what alcohol you personally like. I've mentioned "soda water" quite deliberately. Mineral water is an expensive and tasteless wank. If you were really worried about your kidneys and liver you would be drinking half a gallon of rainwater a day and taking an el cheapo vitamin B complex tablet (at about a quarter the price). Bosnian peasants wash their hogs in the stuff back in Europe. Just keep that in mind if you are thinking of tossing out a $10 bill for a few paltry bottles.

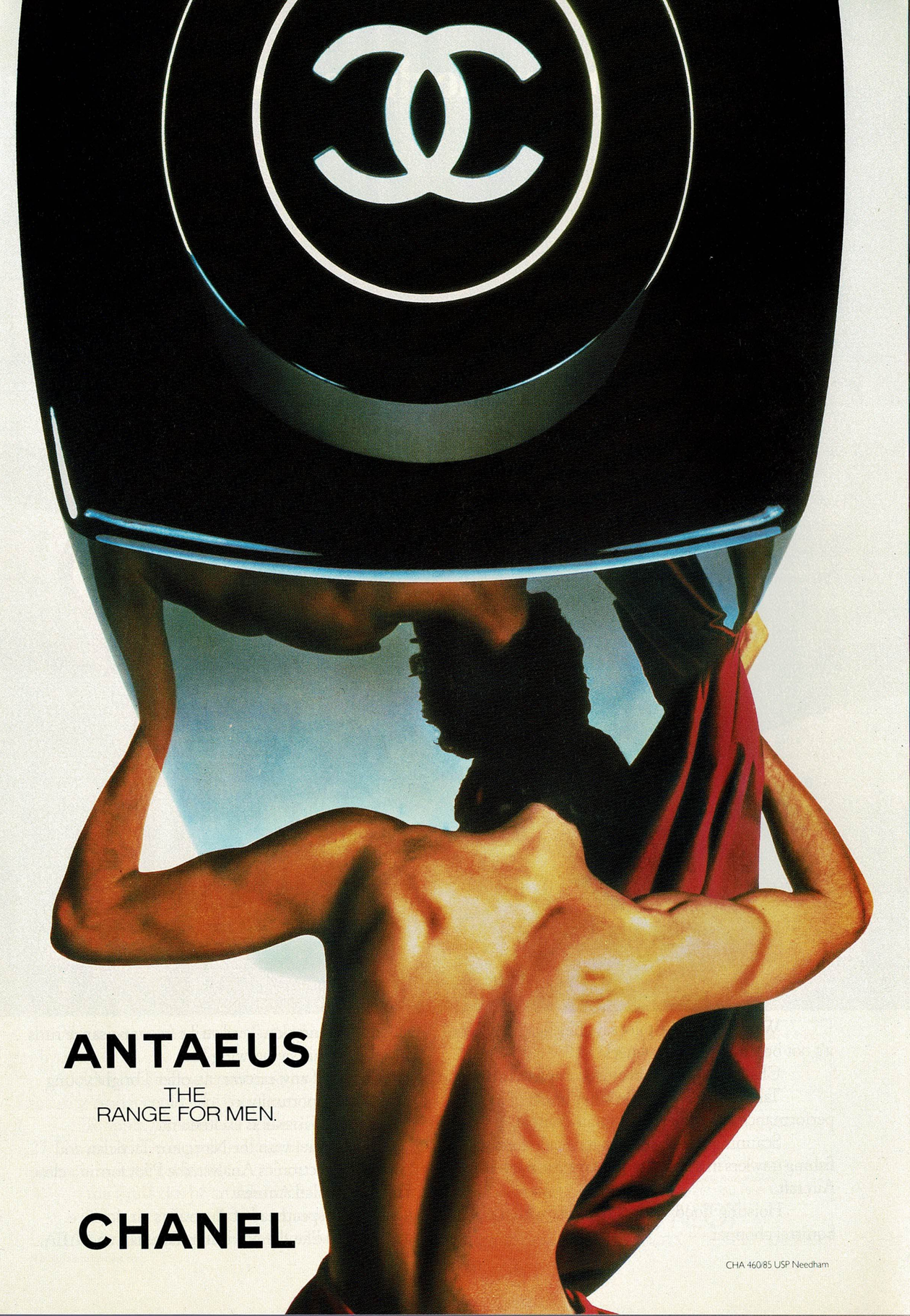
Now to wines. White wine is without a doubt the best for daytime gatherings in the heat. My favorite good-value cask wine at present is Stanley Leasingham's 1984 Riesling, although the Orlando Coolabah range runs it a close second.

If you want to add a little fizz to the gathering, December is the month second only to the Easter celebrations for the amazing champagne discount game. (Why most Australians have suddenly decided that Easter is the time of year to get pissed out of their brains on champagne is beyond me, but it's becoming a cult among us.) So shop around and you will find some good bargains on the domestic front. Apart from the usual big company names, keep an eye out for Hardy's sparkling brut. It is very good.

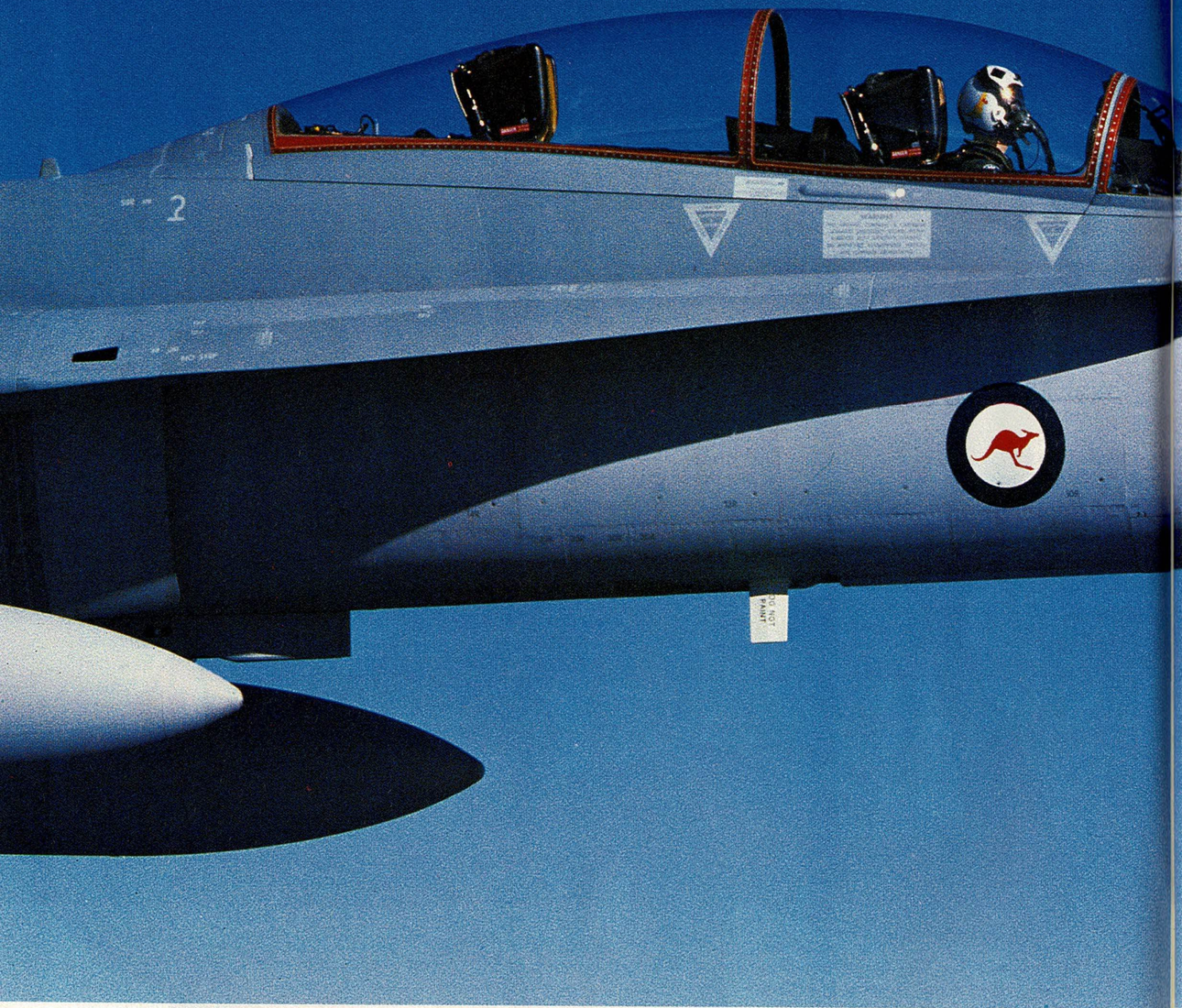
You should, of course, have a few reds to hand. This Christmas try the modest blends and forget about bin numbers, south-west slopes and the comments of some overpaid stage drunk who claims to know all in living magazine color. For instance, since Seppelt's has given its good old Moyston claret a new label it looks positively swanky. And it is still a very well-balanced blended red under the $4 mark.

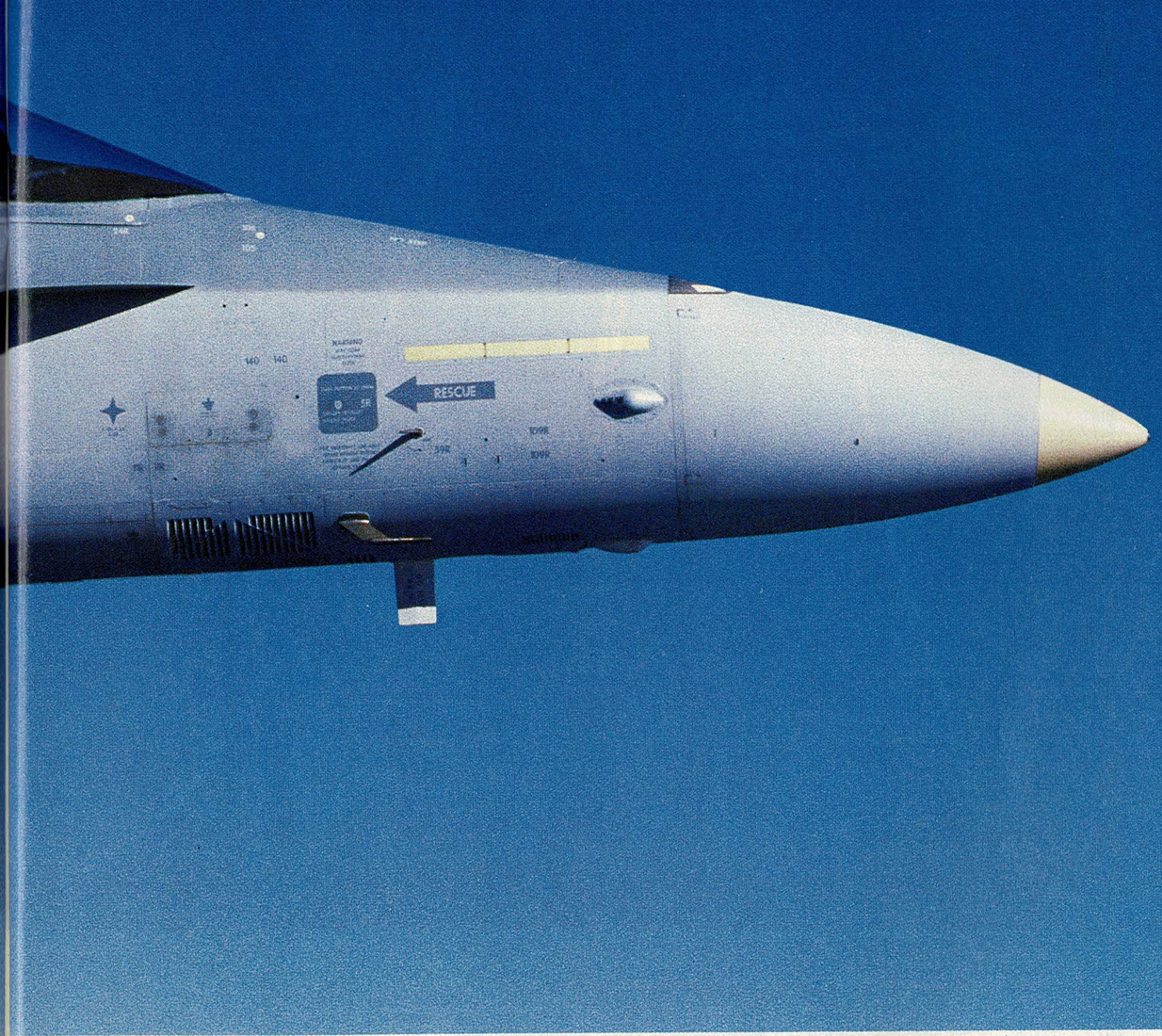
And if you want to be foreign under an Australian label, have a go at Orlando's Cardinale. It is 90 percent Italian Merlot and 10 percent Australian something. Talk about coals to bloody Newcastle and refrigerators for the Eskimos. However, the wine companies claim to know what they are doing. I wonder.

— RICHARD BECKETT



We'll put you in the driver's seat of someth ing far more exciting than a company car.





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PILOT

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MONEY

Ignore all that fancy artwork: the real truth in company reports lies in the small print up the back.

One of the things you receive when you invest in shares (in addition to a fancy certificate and dividend cheques) is the company's annual report. All public companies are required as a matter of law to issue annual reports to their shareholders summarising the results of the previous year's operations. They are worth reading because, with the exception of industrial espionage, reading a company's report is the only way for outsiders to learn what is really going on inside a business.

Unfortunately, deciphering a company report is not a simple task. Annual reports are written by (and largely for) lawyers and accountants. Nevertheless, it pays to try wading through the technical jargon.

In the old days (the early 1960s), a company's annual report was simply a printed version of its end-of-year financial statements. During the 1970s, annual reports started to inflate along with everything else, and they have been growing ever since. With the help of public relations consultants and advertising agencies, companies have turned their annual reports into an odd form of advertising—not advertising for the company's products, but for its shares. The idea is to produce a report that will keep present shareholders optimistic about the company's prospects and induce those who don't already own shares to buy some.

To achieve this goal, today's company report is printed on high-quality, glossy paper and filled with all manner of irrelevant information. Its organisation is also fairly predictable. All the good news is up front. The bad news, if any, is found towards the back, in the financial statements and accompanying footnotes.

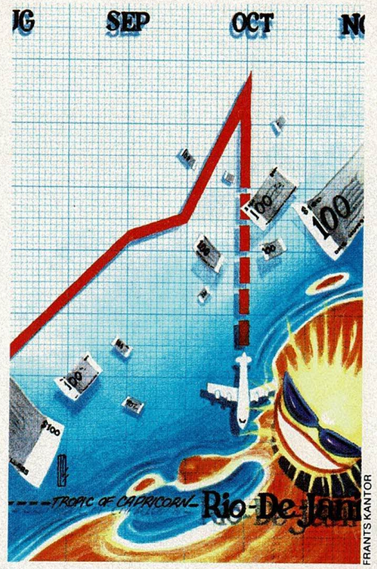
The typical report begins with an inspiring message from the chairman. ("Despite our precarious economic situation, the company anticipates many good years ahead.") The following pages may contain photos of the directors posed with the *Australia II* crew. There may also be a shot of the treasurer handing over a cheque for the company's donation to the Olympic Committee. There are four-color pie charts, photo montages worthy of *House And Garden* and even the occasional poem. Absolutely none of this reveals anything important about the company's business.

If you really want to know how the company performed during the past year, skip the window-dressing and turn directly to the financial statements and their footnotes. The footnotes are particularly informative because it is only in them that you are likely to discover that the company suffered an "abnormal loss" when the treasurer took off for Brazil along with his secretary and the October payroll.

Although there are no laws governing how financial statements must be set out, there are strict laws about what they must contain. At the very least, they must detail the company's profit and loss for the year and they must include a balance sheet describing the assets and liabilities. Many companies also include the results of the previous year or two for comparison.

Together with their footnotes (which can go on for pages), the financial statements constitute the data of the annual report. In their raw form, these data can be quite formidable and forbidding. Since few shareholders have completed courses in accounting and business law, they are often tempted to ignore the financial statements as too complex. This can be a costly mistake.

Perhaps the most important concept to grasp is that no number in a financial statement means anything on its own. Figures can only be interpreted in relation to other figures. For example, consider income from sales. Company A had sales of $1.1 million this year and $1 million last year. Company B, on the other hand, had sales of $150,000 last year and $300,000 this year. On an absolute basis, company A has obviously taken in more money than company B.



When it actually comes to growth, however, company B is far ahead, having increased its sales by 100 percent during a period when company A moved ahead only 10 percent. Because of its high growth rate, many investors will find Company B a more attractive proposition than A even though it earned less money overall.

To get a complete picture of a company's performance, investors often calculate certain critical ratios. Ratios, you may recall from your high school maths course, simply express the relationship between two figures. For instance, a common securities ratio compares a company's sales with its net profit (that is, its profit after deducting expenses.). A company with $1 million in sales and a net profit of $50,000 has a sales to profit ratio of 1,000,000/50,000 or 20 to 1. This means that for every $1 in sales, the company actually makes a profit of 5 cents. The same ratio can be computed for several different companies, thus making it possible to compare their profitability.

One question investors almost always ask is whether a share is fairly priced. Or, put another way, is a share selling for $50 better value than one selling for 50 cents? Price by itself is no guide. Just as it is impossible to interpret company sales figures in isolation, so it is impossible to say if a share is a bargain or a rip-off based solely on its current market price. The only way to judge whether a share is a good buy is to calculate several ratios.

One useful ratio describes the company's earnings per share. The data required for this calculation—the profit available to the ordinary shareholder and the number of issued shares—are both available in the company report.

Another useful ratio is called the price-earnings (P/E) ratio. This is simply a share's market price divided by the earnings per share as given in the annual report. A share selling for $50 and earning $5 has a P/E ratio of 10 to one. In general, the higher the P/E ratio, the more good news the market expects. Of course, if the P/E ratio gets too large, these expectations may never be met.

It really isn't necessary for investors to calculate those ratios themselves. There are several stock market services that do this for investors and many ratios can be found already calculated in newspaper stock exchange listings.

The final item in most annual reports is a signed statement from the company's auditors stating that, as far as they can tell, the financial reports are truthful and accurate. Some naive investors have the mistaken idea that this statement has some implications for the company's prospects, but auditors are hired merely to attest that the books have not been cooked. Their approval does not mean the company won't fold; indeed sometimes that is exactly what happens. — SETH GREGORY

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WOMEN

You can bend the rules at Trivial Pursuit but you'd sure as hell better not cheat on her.

There's seven of us," said Jake, "which means how do we divide up the teams?"

"Well," I said, "we'll just take the three cleverest and most erudite, they can play against the four more thickheaded. Cleo, Rita and I will take on you four guys."

"You guys are dead meat," said Rita.

"That's sexist," said Fred, "you women can't be left for a second without perpetrating some kind of sexist remark. Men are *not* stupider than women."

"Now, Fred, we were just joking, you know that," wheedled Cleo.

"I do *not* know that," said Fred. He stood up, his left hand swept all the Trivial Pursuit cards on to the floor. I lit a cigarette and waited. When Fred gets clumsy it means he's preparing a major speech.

"I mean," Fred spluttered, "I mean we've got to watch everything we say or else we're male chauvinist pigs. We can't joke, we can't tease you. Every bloody thing we say is minutely examined for sexist slurs, every bloody thing we do comes before the women's liberation review board. I am constantly, continuously walking on verbal eggshells. But women! Women can say anything they bloody well like. And we're just supposed to grin sheepishly and bring you a cup of tea when you insult us. I'm fed up!"

"I love Englishmen, they have such a way with words," said Rita.

"Don't bloody patronise me," shrieked Fred.

"Hey, Fred, mate," said Lenny, "let 'em talk. Then they'll see who's boss."

"I already know who's boss," said Ian, rolling his eyes toward Cleo.

"Do you, darling?" Cleo cooed. "We'll see about that later, in bed. Roll the dice."

The game commenced after a skirmish involving who got which color disc. We wanted the boys to have pink, just to prove how liberated they were. But they howled and Fred threw the pink disc out the window.

"Who was the only boxer to defeat Jack Dempsey twice in title fights?" Jake asked as we landed on orange.

"How are we supposed to know that?" asked Cleo. "What a ridiculous question. Who's Jack Dempsey?"

"I know," said Ian.

"I know," said Jake.

"Well, I don't bloody know," said Fred.

"Come on, girls, answer please," said Lenny.

Rita stared off into space and twiddled her red hair. "Gene Tunney," she said, "it's got to be Gene Tunney."

Jake looked at the back of the card and blanched. "Rita," he said sternly, "admit that you were cheating."

"I will admit nothing of the sort," snapped Rita, "and you'd better shut up or I'll tell your sweetheart where you were last Friday night."

"Ah, roll the dice," said Jake.

"Where were you last Friday night, Jake?" I asked casually.

"Nowhere, darling, she's just playing. Roll those dice."

I rolled the dice. "Okay, a beige question."

"Beige? Beige?" said Ian. "Why would you call that *beige?* That's brown."

"Men don't understand the nuances of color," said Cleo.

"Men know better than to apply wimpy decorator terms to everything," Lenny rejoined without batting an eyelid.

"Where were you last Friday night, Jake?" I inquired.

"I can't tell the orange from the brown from the pink from the green," said Fred woefully.

"I didn't know you were color blind, Fred," said Rita.

"Not only am I color blind, I am going bald. My hair is coming out in handfuls. And why? Because of my blasted mother. Male traits passed down through the female. Do women go bald? Hah!"

"But I think baldness is very attractive in a man," commented Cleo.

"Do you, my sweet?" asked Ian.

"It's not our fault anyway, Fred," I said.

"Course it is," said Fred, "women have all the power. They call the shots. Even genetically."

"Ahem," said Jake, reading a card, "what Judith Rossner novel was made into a film starring Diane Keaton?"

"*'Looking For Mr Goodbar!'*" Cleo, Rita and I chorused.

"Roll again," said Ian glumly.

"That girl in *Mr Goodbar* certainly didn't have all the power. Do you think she wanted to be raped and murdered?"

"Well, she *was* a slut," said Lenny. "Just kidding, ha, ha."

"Why is it," said Cleo, "that if a man screws a different female every night he's some big-deal cocksman, but if a woman does it she's a whore, a tramp? I heard this awful joke yesterday: 'Is that a picture of the Grand Canyon?' 'No, that's me at the gynaecologist.'"

"The double standard is still alive and well in 1985," Rita mused.

"Hey, we're on green here, ask us a question," Lenny growled.

I picked up a card and looked at it. "Where was Jake last Friday night?" I asked.

"That's not a real question, is it?" asked Fred. "No, it couldn't be!"

"Answer me, Jake," I said, "or I'll shoot you."

"Men," said Rita. "Can't live with 'em, can't shoot 'em. Tell her, Jake, before someone else does."

"Oh shit, I ran into Lorraine at the pub last Friday, had a couple of drinks with her. Honestly, it was no big deal."

"Lorraine," said Fred thoughtfully. "Isn't she the one with the giant knockers who you used to live with?"

"Could we get back to the game here?" asked Lenny.

"Oh, for Christ's sake!" I shouted. "Who invented the mercury thermometer? Did you sleep with her? Oh God, you didn't sleep with her, did you?"

"Thomas Edison!" said Fred.

"Course I didn't," said Jake, "I didn't even want to. We just had a couple of drinks."

"Gabriel Fahrenheit!" said Ian. "We win! Good on ya, mates!"

"All right!" said Lenny, beating his chest and emitting his version of the Tarzan yodel.

"Excuse me," said Cleo, "you don't win, you haven't made it to the centre of the board yet."

"Who has," said Jake, "and who cares anyway?

"Oh damn, I feel a wave of existential angst coming on."

"Hey, Jake, mate, it's just a game," said Lenny.

"How I wish it were," said Jake soulfully.

— CYNTHIA HEIMEL

MEN

Any woman can tell you that men don't know how to be intimate, they don't know how to love.

It's been a great evening. You've taken the woman of your choice out on the town. You've been a good companion, even if you do say so, listening carefully to her, talking about yourself, joking and laughing, being a friend.

You've also been a considerate lover this evening. You take your time, luxuriating in the ballet you two are orchestrating together. And when it's over, you lie back on the bed thinking that you've given everything you could possibly give. You've been tender, vulnerable, strong, passionate, mindful of her needs, imaginative, humorous, loving. In your mind, it's a ten out of ten, and you drift into a happy sleep.

For about two minutes.

"Are you asleep?" she asks incredulously.

"Huh? Me? No!" you say, sitting up suddenly. You clear your throat.

"How can you sleep? I want to make plans. Let's talk," she says.

"Talk?" you ask.

"Yes, talk. About us."

"Us?" you ask. "We're fine, aren't we?"

"Oh, you know what I mean," she says.

"No, I don't," you say. You are truly baffled. "We had a great time, didn't we?"

"That was just sex."

"'Just sex'? Oh, excuse me. I thought we had an evening together."

"We did," she nods. "But the best time was the sex."

She might have you there, but you don't want to give in to her. Sex is one of life's high points for you, and yet you're a little ashamed of that. Sex is a major release, a creative expression of warmth and beauty, a place of refuge. But when challenged about your love of it, you do tend to cover up.

"I want some communication," she says. "I want some intimacy. You don't know how to be intimate."

"I don't?" you query.

"Sex isn't intimacy. Why do men always think they've been intimate when they get laid?"

"Because it seems intimate to us," you answer. "Doesn't it seem intimate to you?"

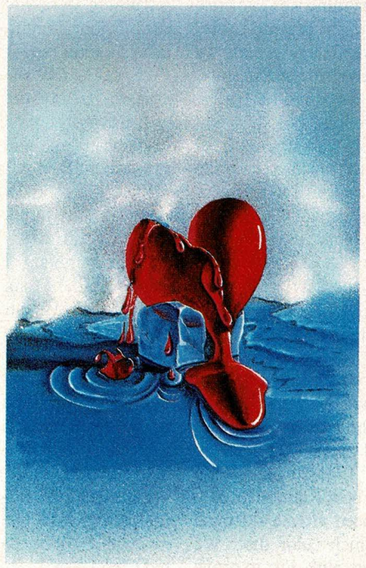
"Sure," she says casually, "but it's not *everything*. God, with men it's *everything*. Men don't know how to love. They really don't."

You sit there in bed, puzzled, tired, feeling like the Lone Ranger. You've heard it before and you know you'll hear it again: men don't know how to be intimate, men don't know how to love. You feel like pulling the sheet over your head and hiding from the world. You've done your best, but it hasn't been good enough. That's the message you're getting.

Questions about men and intimacy fill the air these days. Take a look at a book called *The McGill Report On Male Intimacy*. It promotes the idea that men are ice cubes and women are creators of intimacy.

"Why aren't men more loving?" it asks. "Are men constitutionally incapable of intimacy, or do they consciously choose not to be close?. . . A woman's behavior is an open window to her feelings. Her actions fully disclose her emotions, and she expects the same to be true of others. . . Love means many more things to a woman. Love has many roots and covers a richer, fuller emotional range for women than it does for men."

Sooner or later we're going to have to come up from under the bedclothes when these kinds of statements are made. As males, we've been too quick to feel guilty, too silent under attack.



Here are some of the things you could be saying in your own defence. Right there in your own bed. But be careful: feminists have had total control of this subject for 20 years. Who knows what they'll do if you suggest some of the following?

Intimacy is not the gift of either sex. The sad fact is that most of us hide from each other most of the time. Intimacy involves risk, revelation, unpredictable rewards. Few of us know how to handle that kind of emotional exposure.

The idea that "a woman's behavior is an open window to her feelings" flies in the face of most male experience of women. Those supposedly open windows into the feminine heart are usually covered with drapes, curtains, fans, shades, gauze, screens, fog from fog machines, and scrims of many colors. Most men do not see women as open souls, easily deciphered. Just the opposite, as a matter of fact.

Stereotyping kills. It is surprising to see women, who claim to be sensitive to matters involving prejudice and exclusion, so eager to tar all men with the same brush. Feminist writing frequently describes men as if they are all cut from the same mould. And those descriptions are inaccurate and demeaning.

Talk is cheap. Some women operate on the inane theory that the person who does most of the talking is, by definition, being loving and intimate. Men know better. Men know that talk is often chatter, and aggressive chatter at that, on the attack and unrevealing. The silent partner can be the more loving partner. It happens.

Watch what I do — not what I do-or-don't say. If I am loyal to you, I will be so quietly, dependably, without fanfare. If an emotional grenade falls in the trench, I will probably throw myself on it, but I sure as hell won't brag about it.

For too long, women have defined warmth and love in their own terms — and then expected us to live by them. Male trust, warmth, friendship, love, may be expressed in slightly different ways than most women would wish. But communication between the sexes is a 50-50 proposition, and women should not assume that unless things are done their way, they remain undone.

Sex is central to our lives, and for us, anyway, it is intimate. The current cliches about male sexuality are absurd. Making love is an intense and focused activity for men, never casual. We are vulnerable, open to mockery, needful, highly sensitised — and at the moment of orgasm, we know we're giving and dying, reacting and exposing, paralysed and expendable. In those seconds, there is nothing we can do to defend ourselves, and we assume that we're giving a gift to be that helpless for that time. We don't see ourselves as plundering or exploiting or using. Sex and love are tightly interwoven for us. If they are totally compartmentalised for most women, who's got the problem?

Intimate ice is the human condition. We float somewhere between love and self-absorption, all of us, male and female. We play our cards close to our chests, then share, then become frightened and withdraw, then try to share again. It ain't easy. We can go from cryogenic to tropical in the wink of an eye.

But isn't it fun?

And aren't we all supposed to be in this together? — ASA BABER

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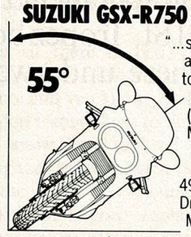

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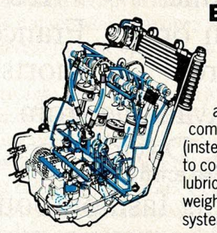
Max. hp: 73.5 kW (100PS) at 11,000 r.p.m. (DIN). Max. torque: 66.5 N-m (6.8kg-m, 49.2lbs-ft.) at 10,000 r.p.m.
Dry Mass: 176kg (388.0lbs)
Max. bank angle: 55°



ENGINE

4 cylinder, 4 stroke DOHC. 4 valves per cylinder, with TSCC specially modified to achieve maximum combustion efficiency. Oil (instead of air or water) is used to cool the engine as well as lubricate it. This eliminates the weight of a separate cooling system.

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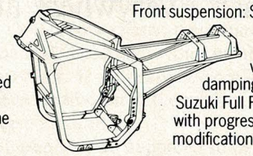
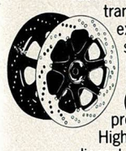
Frame: ultra-strong cast aluminium alloy multi-rib box section. Weighs only 8.1kg. Front suspension: Suzuki Positive Damping Fork System, with valves to harden damping. Rear suspension: Suzuki Full Floater System with progressive damping modifications.



GEARS/BRAKES/TYRES/WHEELS



Gears: 6 speed close ratio transmission. Brakes: Suzuki exclusive Decapiston brake system. Twin 300mm spiral slotted discs (front). Single 300mm spiral slotted disc (rear). Tyres: Ultra low profile racing type. Wheels: High rigidity, low weight diecast aluminium.

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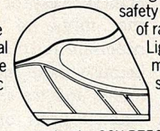

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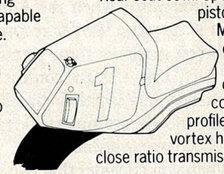

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SPORT

When four-minute miles became everyday events, athletics lost much of its sparkle.

Records are made to be broken. It's an old truism in sport but one which is still operating effectively. Even in this era of superstars and almost unbelievable efforts and performances, it seems likely that the ultimates of today are destined to become the almost mundane of tomorrow.

And that's what has happened with the four-minute mile, an event that was once one of man's most sought-after goals of physical performance.

There was a time, not so very long ago, when the idea of a man covering four laps of 440 yards (the old imperial quarter-mile) successively in something under one minute each was something which attracted the interest of absolutely everybody who was into sport.

That was in the early '50s, when men like Englishman Roger Bannister, American Wes Santee, and the shy, quiet Australian, John Landy, all seemed potentially capable of crashing that once impenetrable barrier. Every time one of those men stepped on to a running track, the eyes and ears of the world became focused on their efforts to do the seemingly impossible.

The four-minute mile then was as awesome as climbing Mount Everest, which itself was achieved amid great fanfare and worldwide publicity by New Zealander Edmund Hillary in 1953 just in time for the coronation.

The following year, Roger Bannister cracked the "impossible" four-minute mile barrier — and he, like Edmund Hillary, would later be knighted for his services to sport.

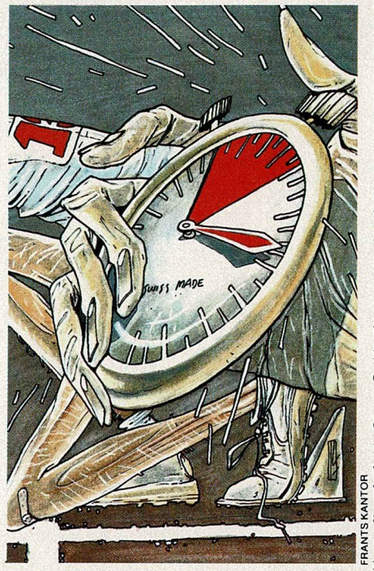
Bannister's incredible time of 3min 59.4 sec will always remain a landmark in human achievement. John Landy would improve Bannister's time with a stunning exploit of 3min 58 sec only six weeks later, running in Turku, Finland, and while that, too, would receive wide publicity, it would not have quite the same impact as Bannister's first epoch making four-minute mile.

When Bannister and Landy met in competition for the first time, at the Commonwealth Games in Vancouver in 1954, their clash was regarded as one of the epic confrontations in modern sport. As history's then only four-minute milers battled against one another, the eyes of the world were fixed upon this pair. Most of you will recall Bannister beat Landy and both bettered four minutes for the mile in a sensational race.

Even after the barrier had been broken, the four-minute mile retained that special allure reserved for feats of outstanding achievement. The records of both Bannister and Landy were soon improved upon by successive milers, yet their names and the magic of the mile performed for the first time in under four minutes remained.

And when another Englishman, Derek Ibbotson, reduced the record convincingly to 3min 57.2 sec in 1957, four minutes still remained something very special, although perhaps by the time another Australian, Herb Elliott, recorded a still more amazing 3min 54.4 sec in Dublin, Ireland, in 1957, a little of the special sheen of the four-minute mile had been removed because of the extent of his winning margin.

Even after the first time the 3min 50 sec mark was surpassed, by John Walker of New Zealand in 1957, anyone who could run one mile under four minutes was still regarded as something of a marvel. The difference between the once impossible four minutes and the current world record of 3min 46.31 sec by Englishman Steve Cram only this year, is a distance of more than 100 metres. Yet somehow four minutes still sounded special despite that enormous 10-second disparity.



FRANTS KANTOR

Until this year.

If track and field statisticians wish to note 1985 for anything remarkable or unusual, then it should go down as the year in which two men reached one more milestone in running the mile not in terms of time, but because of the *number* of times they had broken the once impregnable barrier.

This was the year in which the former world record holder and 1976 Olympic 1500 metres champion, John Walker, became the first man to have run the mile in under four minutes no less than 100 times.

Walker's feat was actually duplicated soon afterwards when the American Steve Scott achieved a similar record.

Maybe it shows some sign of ageing on my part, but I must confess I feel both astonished and sad that something once so special and almost impossible to achieve has now become so ordinary.

When you consider that two men, neither of whom was able to win a medal of any kind in last year's Los Angeles Olympic metric mile, between them can claim to have done 200 times what only two men could claim to have done just twice some 31 years ago, then there seems little doubt that records were indeed meant to be broken. And for the extraordinary to be made to seem mundane.

It's a pity that no enterprising sports promoter saw fit to have this pair meet in competition at the point when both were about to crack that 200 four-minute mile standard.

Unfortunately, in an age of superlatives, it is just possible that such a confrontation would have been viewed as little more than an athletic curiosity, a far cry from the Bannister/Landy meeting in '54 which was regarded as an event of worldwide importance.

The '50s were a good time for sport and statistics. Many barriers were conquered, such as the seven-foot high jump and the 60-foot shot put, as well as the 10-second 100 metres and the 20-second 200 metres sprints. Those were among a host of measurable performances with milestones so exact that they created exciting images in the minds of spectators.

The '80s are undoubtedly a much more impressive time. All of those barriers of the '50s are now the commonplace occurrences required merely to participate at senior levels.

And yet somehow there seems to be something missing; possibly it is the magic of the mile and four minutes, all of which existed primarily in the minds of not only the runners but the media and the general public.

Records are indeed meant to be broken, but in doing so we lose something. In our endless quest for improvement we remove that magic of the past, which while necessary is still somewhat sad — if only because there are no longer barriers, or limits, and we seem headed along a road without goals other than continuing to break almost meaningless records.

In the end, athletics begins to lose its sparkle.

— MIKE AGOSTINI

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SHOWBIZ

Bliss blisters, Nicholson makes an honorable hit and Virgin lands two great girl singers.

IGNORANCE IS BLISS: Despite its mixed reception at Cannes, *Bliss* was the *critical* hit of the AFI awards, but at close on two hours it often seems to be going on forever. Based on the first novel of short-story writer **Peter Carey,** who appeared to be struggling to master his new craft, the movie bears many of the signs of being a collection of amusing vignettes loosely strung together, which no amount of risque scenes could make up for. Harry Joy is captured brilliantly by **Barry Otto,** but is such a bore that it is hard to sympathise, let alone be titillated, when his wife and his partner indulge in a fantasy root at his favorite restaurant table; the sardines which she imagines slithering from her genitals after her lover has commented admiringly on her vaginal odor leave a sour taste in the mouth, as do a couple of sequences in which Harry's daughter fellates his son in return for a snort of coke. *Bliss* poses as a moral tale of a man who almost dies and believes the normal life he returns to is hell but Harry's motivating factors for giving up the advertising life to go back to nature are fear and lust. By the time he's finally made his choice the audience may well have lost interest.

•

VIRGINAL VOICES: Virgin Records has obviously got a great ear for top female voices with two of the world's finest sets of vocal cords on vinyl belonging to its label. Aussie **Deborah Conway** skyrocketed **Do Re Mi**'s (and Virgin Australia's) first album into the charts while British warbler **Elizabeth Fraser** of the **Cocteau Twins** cleaned up quite a few British music poll awards with her uniquely atmospheric voice. . . Virgin Australia also doing the right thing by new Aussie talent with an album due soon titled *Virgin Territories.* It will feature 10 new local bands at a budget price and will go overseas to test international waters for possible signings and future releases.

•

SIGN OF THE TIMES: With all major theatre chains reporting a major upturn in takings for 1985, the jury is still out on whether video will actually kill the cinemas. The movie industry should win either way if the video shop boom continues unabated, as more than a few directors can attest. **Brian Trenchard Smith,** whose early career was founded on kung fu movies and who was responsible for the aptly named *Turkey Shoot,* actually turned in a very exciting children's action movie called *BMX Bandits* which, with poetic injustice, bombed at the box-office. Nevertheless it then succeeded beyond anyone's wildest expectations in the video shops *and* got sold to television. Not a man to miss out on the main chance, Trenchard Smith has now made an even better children's mystery thriller, *Frog Dreaming*, in which three kids dare the supernatural dangers of a sacred site that Aboriginals consider it safer to avoid. Often quite frightening and frequently very funny, it boasts a great monster and a little girl named **Tamsin West** who insists on

Frog Dreaming: E.T.'s Henry Thomas

calling the Devil's Nob National Park the Devil's Cock, and distracts her parents' attention by asking if she can get herpes from french kissing.

MOVIE SCORECARD

capsule close-ups of current films

Cocoon Golden oldies rejuvenated when dazzling ETs return for survivors. Another giant step for *Splash*'s Ron Howard. ¥¥¥¥

Dance With A Stranger Story of last woman to hang in UK's seedy '50s. Watch Miranda Richardson. ¥¥¥

The Empty Beach Bryan Brown as laconic private eye makes it to the end but plot gets lost along the way. ¥¥

The Emerald Forest In John Boorman's vision the Amazon jungle takes on civilisation and wins. . . for now. ¥¥¥

Insignificance Nicholas Roeg's rivetting talkfest between Monroe, McCarthy, DiMaggio and Einstein. ¥¥¥

Perfect Worth it just to watch underrated Jamie Lee Curtis's aerobics, but Travolta good too in tale of journalistic ethics. ¥¥¥

Pale Rider Eastwood reprises *Shane* as superhuman stranger in his first Western for 10 years. Taut but pretentious. ¥¥

Mad Max: Beyond Thunderdome The one we've been waiting for. Director George Miller does it again. ¥¥¥

Rambo: First Blood II Travesty sequel to great original. Stallone wins singlehanded what US lost for real. ¥

Rebel Triumphant Aussie musical makes a star of Debbie Byrne. Co-stars Matt Dillon. ¥¥¥

OFFENDING THE FEMINISTS: Trenchard Smith has also been the centre of controversy for another film, *Jenny Kissed Me,* a deeply sincere four-handkerchief tear-jerker about the break-up of a de facto relationship which leaves the husband with no rights of access to the step-daughter he adores (Tamsin West again). Realising that he is in fact dying of cancer anyway, Lindsay (**Ivar Kants**) kidnaps/rescues Jenny from the children's home she's been placed in and the pair head for the hills where they hide out until Lindsay's illness becomes so bad that Jenny must get help. Not a dry eye in the house.

•

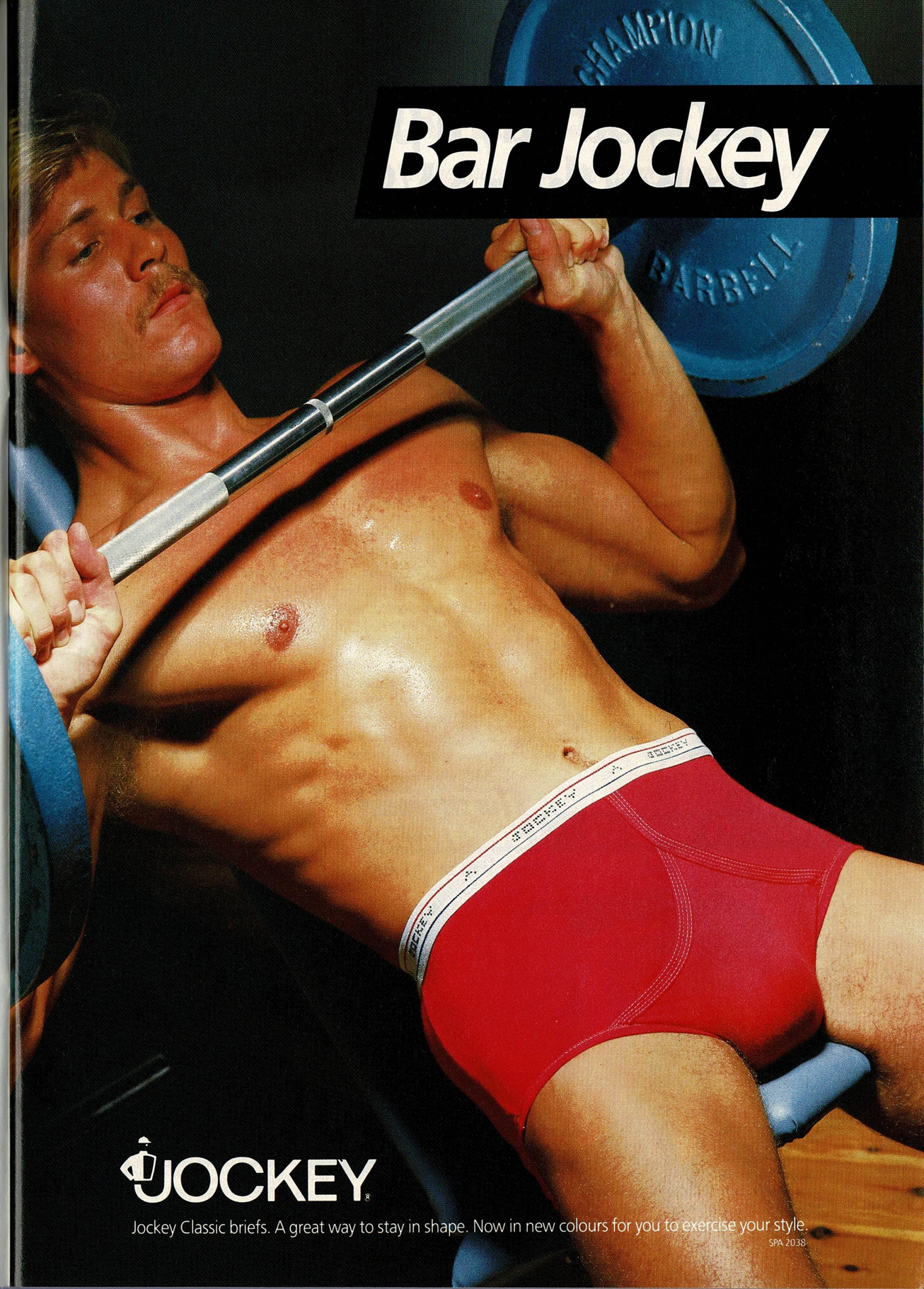
HUSTON'S DAUGHTER, PRIZZI'S HONOR: One of this year's movie landmarks has to be the new one from veteran **John** *(Maltese Falcon, African Queen)* **Huston,** who

Huston scene-stealing in Prizzi's Honor.

crowns a distinguished career with *Prizzi's Honor,* a mafia flick with a major role for his daughter **Anjelica,** who almost steals the show from her long-time lover **Jack Nicholson** and **Kathleen** *(Romancing The Stone)* **Turner.** Anjelica has not appeared in one of her father's films since *A Walk With Love And Death* 16 years ago; she was signed for this one independently of either her father or Nicholson.

•

VIDEO CAPERS: Not content with rock'n'roll videos, movies, or revitalised television shows like *Hancock's Half Hour,* and the best of *Dr. Who,* Polygram has now gone for the armchair sports fan. *Wallabies — The Grand Slam* contains all the highlights and tries of the record-breaking Australian rugby team tour of Britain in 1984. *Gold With Greg Norman* should keep them happy in the bleachers and, released through BBC Video, *Supercharged* is one for the motor-racing fastboys, with archival footage of Grand Prixes between 1924 and 1939. Snooker fans will get their shot with *Snooker — The Century Breakers,* featuring **Joe, Fred,** and **Steve Davis** plus others including **Alex Higgins** and **Doug Mountjoy.** ¥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Look to the very basics of extracting more power and efficiency from your engine: cylinder head modification. It's a fact that an improvement of up to 25% more power can be gained.

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Mass produced cylinder heads are mostly underdeveloped – manufacturers are forced to compromise performance, flexibility and economy with low production costs.

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Could turbocharging be the answer?

Turbo technology – both ex-factory and aftermarket – can be a none too pleasant experience in terms of reliability, unless of course, you have the outlay for a Porsche.

Whatever the power improvement approach, cylinder heads are still the most critical factor in extracting more power and efficiency from an engine.

It's far simpler to rework a cylinder head than to install a turbo, and remember maintenance and service remains as standard!

A Yella Terra head can be installed in a day for as little as $400.

Our cylinder heads can be purchased over the counter from around $250 each or from $400 or thereabouts a Yella Terra head can be supplied and installed to any six-cylinder Holden or Ford.**

To further add to the enjoyment, most do-it-yourself types with a good set of tools can, by following the instructions, change over the equipment themselves.

The end result may not embarrass some of the new four cylinder turbocharged supercars but it will give you a far more efficient and satisfying vehicle with its dramatically improved gas flow for better throttle response, increased performance and pulling power.

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Yella Terra changeovers are as close as Perfectune's Melbourne Tuning & Servicing Division, or can be supplied by your local workshop or any parts and accessories centre throughout Australia. Remember, there is really only one genuine Yella Terra – beware of imitations.

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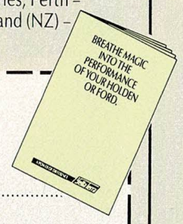

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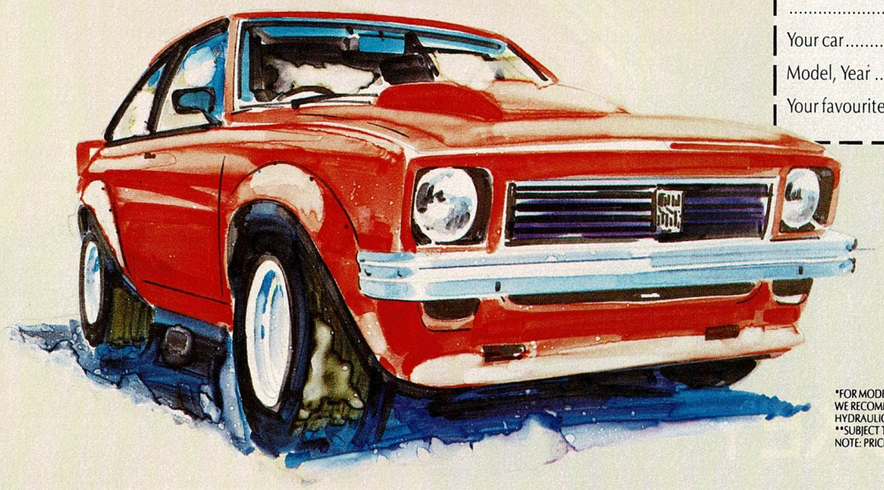

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: STING

A candid conversation with an ex-Policeman about monogamy, mortality, power politics and rock'n'roll!

When you're a skinny English kid with a name like Gordon Sumner, living in Wallsend, a poor coalmining town near the docks of Newcastle, it's only natural to yearn for a little glamor, a little excitement. So, lugging your first guitar, your young wife and new baby, you head off to London, adopt a new name — they call you Sting, because you wear these yellow and black pullovers, so that settles that — and join a rock and roll band. It's been written before.

Not so many years later, your band, Police, is one of the hottest in the world. You write and sing songs that seem to sit naturally at the top of the world's pop charts: numbers such as Can't Stand Losing You, Every Little Thing She Does Is Magic, Message In A Bottle, Walking On The Moon and Every Breath You Take. You try acting, too, and land roles opposite the best (Meryl Streep, for starters) and the hottest (Jennifer Beals) actresses in the world. Enough glamor? Enough excitement?

The last of the opening-night crowd at Paris's Mogodor Theatre has finally filtered out, more than an hour after Sting's last encore; Sting finally emerges into the theatre lobby to the celebratory party. All eyes and a dozen-odd lenses turn toward him. His smile is still cautious, but triumphant, and his stance is characteristically confident. He works the crowd like a politician — an incumbent politician. He shakes the hands of record-company execs, embraces his musicians, winks toward the interviewers and photographers who have been following him for weeks.

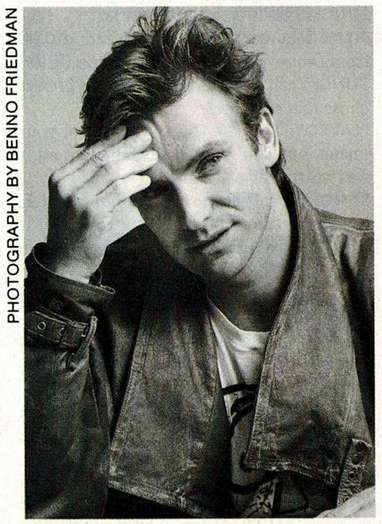
The massive attempt to cover Sting is only one layer of the ongoing pressure to capture every moment of his life. Michael Apted, the British film director (Coal-miner's Daughter), was commissioned to document Sting's latest project, his musical foray separate from the Police, for a feature film. The film could be called Who's Covering Whom, for the film-maker's half-dozen cameras are focused on the press, while the press is writing about the filming, while everyone (press, French and English film crews, record company personnel and execs, musicians, band crew, photographers, friends, family, fans) is focused on Sting. Although the first concert is over, it's no time to relax — the cameras are rolling.

Sting also wants rehearsal time with his band. They still haven't figured out a way to perform his most powerful new song, his Imagine, called I Hope The Russians Love Their Children, Too, because the song was created on a sophisticated synthesiser, largely without a band. And Apted needs more interview time, as does the relentless PLAYBOY team. . . Oh, and by the way, it looks as if Trudie Styler, Sting's pretty blonde girlfriend sipping mineral water in a plastic cup, wants some time with him, too. She makes her way to him through the crowd, holding her large belly with one hand, clutching her midwife's arm with the other.

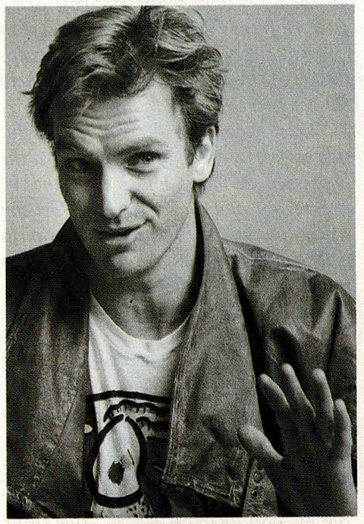
"The contractions are beginning," she tells Sting. Her due date a week away, Trudie has gone into labor with Sting's fourth child. Sting hugs Trudie and smiles. There is a hint of glee. Or madness. As if he planned it all.

For most of the night, Michael Apted's huge crew is standing by. If Trudie's contractions speed up, they are to head to

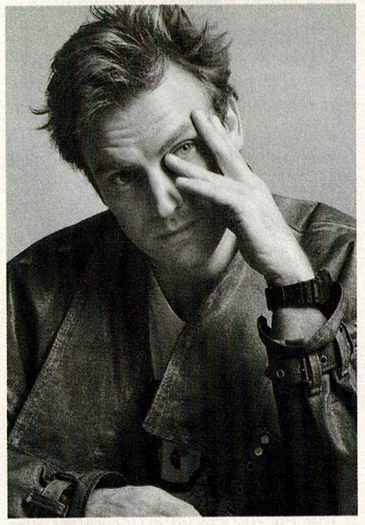
PHOTOGRAPHY BY BENNO FRIEDMAN



"In rock'n'roll the blueprint for disaster is clear — Elvis Presley, Sid Vicious, Jimi Hendrix. The blueprint for survival hasn't been written. I'd like to write it."



"I can't say I've sinned because I failed to be monogamous. It's a matter of chemicals in a relationship. . . as you become acclimatised to each other the reaction lessens."



"I wrote Roxanne in Paris. We were staying in a shabby hotel and there were prostitutes in the street. I was affected by these women who looked so beautiful. . . at a distance."

the hospital where cameras are already poised to film the birth. The baby — a son, named Jake — is born, but not until two nights later. Though Jake missed opening night, the timing is still good — he is born early in the morning, a couple of hours after the third show at the Mogodor. Apted's crew is on hand. Glamor. Excitement. So Gordon Sumner finally has it.

Sting was playing guitar at 11 and at 17 played in his first band: a Dixieland jazz group in which he played double bass. While working as a school-teacher and moonlighting in clubs, he met Stewart Copeland, the drummer in a band called Curved Air, and son of the ex-CIA agent who wrote The Game Of Nations and The Real Spy World.

When he left Wallsend for London, Sting, Copeland and, later, guitarist Andy Summers formed a band they called Police. Sting's song Roxanne, banned by the BBC (it's about a prostitute), got them a manager (Miles Copeland, Stewart's brother) and, with Miles's help, a record deal. Five platinum albums and as many gold singles later, the Police, with their reggae-influenced distinctive rock, had sold more than 40 million records. Since their first album was released in 1979, the Police have remained one of the most consistently innovative and exciting bands to emerge from England — or anywhere — in the past decade.

At the peak of the Police's success (Synchronicity, the Police's most recent album, won three Grammys and remained on the Australian record charts for almost a year), Sting announced he was leaving the band, at least for now, to make a solo album. He recruited top jazz musicians and recorded The Dream Of The Blue Turtles. Sting also appeared on the British section of last July's world-wide Live Aid concert, where he performed his old hits, before being joined by Phil Collins and Branford Marsalis for one of Live Aid's highlights: a Collins-Sting duet of Every Breath You Take. And the world-wide tour, which will take in Australia, has been a sell-out, since it kicked off in August.

Meanwhile, his latest two movies were released. When Sting was struggling in London, his then wife Frances Tomelty helped him get his first movie role, a minor part in The Who's Quadrophenia. It was the start of an acting career that Sting has managed to build to the recent roles opposite Streep (in Plenty, directed by Australian Fred Schepisi) and Beals (The Bride) as well as a lead in Brimstone And Treacle and smaller parts in Dune and several minor films. He is earning $1 million a film, and has produced his own, a documentary on The Dream Of The Blue Turtles Paris performances.

PLAYBOY sent ***Victoria*** *and* ***David Sheff*** *to speak to a busy man. Their report: "Since Sting was booked with fittings, newspaper interviews and meetings, we asked him where he wanted to begin our sessions. 'Do you jog?' he asked. The idea of trying to discuss his answers to our many questions on the run didn't appeal.*

"So we hung around while he conducted his business, such as a meeting with his manager, Miles Copeland, to decide on the new publicity photos. 'I want something interesting,' Sting reported afterwards. 'Miles wants something that will, as he puts it, "make the girls go wet".'

"Which brings up the issue most women mentioned when we said we were interviewing Sting: sex. At a fitting for costumes to be worn in Paris, Sting emerged from a dressing room in a stylish Giorgio Armani suit — grey silks with flashes of black — without a shirt. There was his famous chest.

"Over the weeks with him, his playful side emerged, which counterbalanced the impression we had of him overall: that he is arrogant and always serious. Getting ready to sing an additional vocal on a track in Montreal, he told us, 'No sniggering,' and asked everyone not to look at him. He went on to quote from This Is Spinal Tap as well as Arthur Koestler. And he told us the story about his trouble with New Zealand Customs. As a joke, a friend had given each of the Police members foil-wrapped suppositories, and the Customs agent was eyeing one he found in Sting's suitcase. 'What do you do with this?' he asked. Now Sting has a thing about Customs — he despises the concept of immigration controls, he says — so it was not without relishing the moment that he said, nonchalantly, 'You stick it up your arse.'

"He was nearly thrown into prison on the spot, but managed to talk his way out of that one, though his fast talking is not the only way out for him. There were times when we were frustrated — make that furious — at being postponed and juggled along with a million other things in Sting's outrageous schedule. But listening to the man's music during rehearsal or performances, the frustration would recede.

"So what's next after the tour? Sting is going to take a break and go scuba diving in the Red Sea. He jokes, 'I'm wondering if it's going to part for me.' He wouldn't be surprised."

It has very little to do with my work, but if your image is not sexy enough, then people won't listen. It's part of the game.

PLAYBOY: This has been your year: your Police albums are still selling millions, you've landed movie roles opposite Jennifer Beals and Meryl Streep, and you've released your first solo album. The album, however, has been both praised and criticised for the political lyrics. Why the politics and why now?

STING: I read the paper and I look at the news and I'm aware of what's going on around me. So what the hell else am I going to write about? How cold the swimming pool is today? Such garbage!

PLAYBOY: It doesn't quite go with your image from songs such as *Every Breath You Take* and films such as *Dune*.

STING: I'm not that conscious of my image. I cannot control what is written about me or even every picture that appears of me.

PLAYBOY: Boy George said, "Sting says he doesn't want to be a sex symbol yet he goes parading around without a shirt on all the time." How do you plead?

STING: I don't like wearing shirts.

PLAYBOY: And there's that picture of you from *Dune* wearing a space nappy. . .

STING: Yeah, the flying underpants. I never chose that costume.

PLAYBOY: You say you can't control your image, but you've used sexuality for all it was worth, haven't you?

STING: We're here to please. *[laughing]* It has very little to do with my work, but if your image is not sexy enough, then people won't listen. It's part of the game. At the same time, if your image is too beautiful, too crafted, whatever, then people are suspicious of whatever you say. So you have to plot a course that is halfway between being beautiful and being real as best as you can.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to your political lyrics — do you think people even realise what they're hearing with your stuff?

STING: It's something I do really well. I can disguise one idea inside a curtain that is innocuous. I like being number one on the charts but I also like surprising people. For instance, *Every Breath You Take* is a truly insidious lyric dressed in a lovely song. Everybody was going around singing it like

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it was *love*. But it's a song about control and ownership and surveillance. I've had people write me, "You've written our song, Sting. You've really written a song for our relationship." Shit *no!* That kind of double-edged thing is really what I am interested in doing. Seducing people with pleasant melody and then kicking them in the teeth. I *like* doing that.

PLAYBOY: Is it a pop star's place to sing about nuclear politics?

STING: My justification is that I can be the victim of nuclear politics, so I've got as much right as anybody to say what I feel. People can disagree with me. Of course I hope they become concerned about issues.

PLAYBOY: On the other hand, you can also come over preachy. One reviewer of your current album asked, "Didn't the '60s end a few years back?"

STING: Isn't that attitude a little terrifying? Time is running out. I look at my little girl and think, what am I going to tell her in 10 years time? I did nothing? I just sort of sat back and let it happen? None of us can do that. We are going to have to have answers when they ask, "What the hell have you done? What did you do in the war?"

PLAYBOY: Still, if the songs aren't commercial, you're either being courageous or suicidal.

STING: It has nothing to do with courage or art. It just has to do with boredom. I'd be bored to do anything else. I hate most of what constitutes rock music, which is basically middle-aged crap.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel you need to meet the expectations of that huge audience out there?

STING: Your accountants tell you, "Look, Sting, you've got this big captive audience, at least this year you have. You should really capitalise on that formula that got you the audience in the first place and make us all a lot of money so we can pay our mortgages off." And I say, "Right. I've got this captive audience, so now is the time to do something that is exciting and different."

PLAYBOY: Except that your recent songs aren't disguised. People aren't going to go around humming *I Hope The Russians Love Their Children, Too* without hearing your message.

STING: That's okay with me. . . *do* Russians actually love their children? I actually started making inquiries about it after I thought of the song. Most people think of Russians as these robotic, ugly creatures who live under the boot and wear grey all the time. Do they love their children? I didn't know. So I wanted to find out. I met the head of Soviet Studies at Columbia. A friend of mine invented this radar dish that steals Russian signals from the satellite and he can get live Russian television. So we sat at Columbia University watching Russian television on a Sunday morning.

I'm no fan of the Soviet model. But you know what I saw? I actually saw people — real people. Children, women who aren't ugly. Attractive people who have souls. I consider myself a liberal and well informed, but I was shocked. If I could be shocked by what I saw on Russian television, I realised most people would be. It's absurd, really. It's like saying, "Do black people have no souls?" or "Do Chinamen only have one leg?"

I'm not a fan of governments of any sort. I think why give yourself a name just because it's water that surrounds a piece of land? I am very unpatriotic. I hate borders, I hate Customs. I hate the whole idea of immigration. It doesn't seem right. We belong in the world. The whole idea of dying for your country is anathema to me, and I'd rather shoot my own children than have them do it. It all makes me very angry. I know a big part of my taxes last year went to buy missiles. Kids bought my records and I had to give a large portion of the money away to put missiles in the ground in England. Makes me feel really angry.

PLAYBOY: Besides the politics on that album, the big media issue has been whether this solo project of yours means the end of the Police. Why is it such a big issue?

STING: I don't know. It's sentimentality as far as I am concerned. People don't like to see change. They have this idea that a band should always stay together, almost live together, and always be seen together.

PLAYBOY: Why the solo project?

STING: I was afraid of just repeating that same old formula, just dwindling into being a band member without much to say or part of a band that doesn't say much except "We're the Police and we're successful." It doesn't make any sense to me. It bores me. I have to say that the album I've just done is my best work as a writer, as a singer. That it didn't coincide with being a Police album is beside the point.

PLAYBOY: What did the Police have going for them?

STING: The songs, of course, are the most important. But the band was unique in the way we worked together. We had a sort of sparse, easily identifiable sound. Stewart Copeland is one of the greatest drummers in the world. We had a lot going for us, an awful lot. We played some great stuff with that band, but we're playing some great stuff with a completely different set of musicians, different sound.

PLAYBOY: Why did you look for jazz musicians for your new material?

STING: Basically, I had never been in a rock band until 1975. I played in jazz bands and I love the spontaneous, fluid energy in jazz. Actually, it's not the musicians' jazz background so much as the fact that they are black and they have a black way of playing. The old cliches about black people being lucid and fluid and graceful is true in music.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about your film career. You have had three movies released this year.

STING: Yes, *Plenty,* and also *The Bride.* And the film of the new album will also be out.

PLAYBOY: Not that we'd ever descend to gossip, but inquiring minds want to know — just how hot is it between you and your co-star in *The Bride,* Jennifer Beals?

STING: I'm like her older brother.

PLAYBOY: Yeah, sure. A newspaper column described "the incredible electricity between Sting and Beals. . ."

STING: Hey. *[Shrugging]* She gives me a lot of shit about being her older brother, and she's such a brat. I love her dearly. She's a great girl. We got on very well.

PLAYBOY: Did you see *Flashdance?*

STING: It was okay.

PLAYBOY: Are you pleased with *The Bride?*

STING: It was a great script, a very clever idea. I get killed again as usual, and don't get the girl.

PLAYBOY: There are few actresses of Meryl Streep's stature, with whom you acted in *Plenty.* Were you intimidated at the prospect?

STING: Well, I think she's the best. I particularly like *Silkwood* and *Sophie's Choice.* She is great fun to be around, not heavy or ponderous. She's very easy to get along with. Very light-hearted. She's too good an actress to let you know what she is, really. She's not one of the method actresses, she's different off-camera from what she is on-camera. She's very easy going, and when the cameras roll, she's right on the ball. You really have to pull your socks up to stay in the same game with her.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel you've got those parts because you are a pop star?

STING: My first parts had nothing to do with it. I can walk into a room and convince people I can do it. I think I have a certain presence or something. I got seven jobs in a row. I didn't fail once. I just walked into the room and I was given the job. This was before the Police, before I was famous. I made two movies before the Police had a hit record, I did *Quadrophenia* and a film called *Radio On.*

PLAYBOY: But since then, you've got major roles that actors with a great deal of experience haven't — an offer of a lead role on Broadway, a film opposite Meryl Streep. Are you saying your pop star status wasn't responsible?

STING: I just think you have to be intelligent about it. There are certain things you need to be highly qualified to do and it would be foolish to try. I'm not sure I'm ready for a lead role on Broadway. It's flattering to be asked to do these things, but you have to keep a perspective and I'm not stupid.

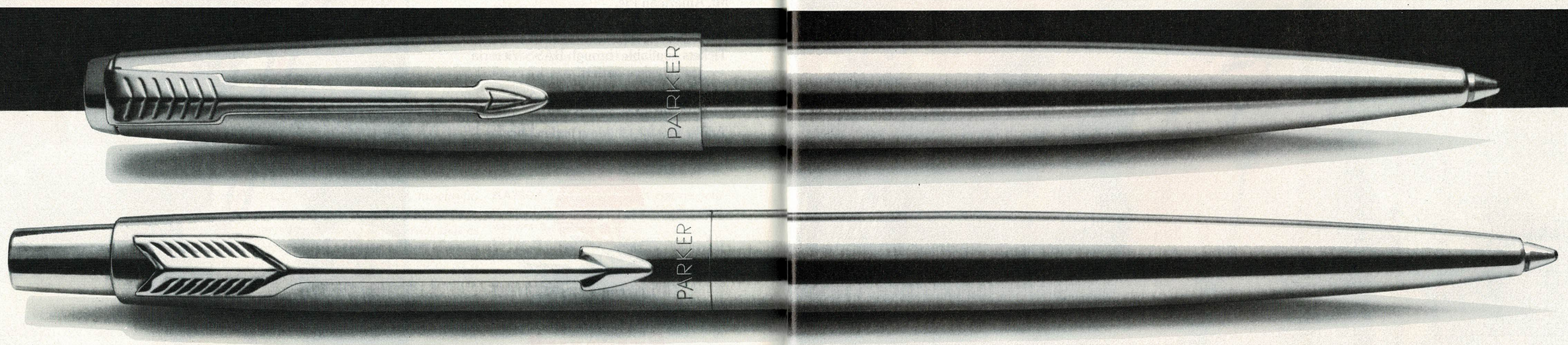
PLAYBOY: Do you feel any insecurity that maybe these parts are coming to you because of your marquee value, and you may not be up to them?

STING: I'm sure it crosses the minds of the people who offer me the roles, but it's up to me to prove to them and to the general public that I can do my job.

PLAYBOY: Was *Dune* a good script?

STING: [*laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Then why did you do it?



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STING: I really wanted to work with David Lynch. I was really a big fan of *Elephant Man* and *Eraserhead.* I had great doubts about *Dune* from the first time I read the script, though. It didn't seem to hang together as a narrative. But that's the problem with trying to translate a massive complicated book into 80 or 90 minutes.

PLAYBOY: What was it like on the set?

STING: It was like being on Dune, being on another bloody planet. It was in Mexico for starters, which *is* another planet. Some of it was pleasant, some of it was very unpleasant — hard physical work. I didn't feel I was creatively involved in it. I think I was a coat hanger for a nice costume.

PLAYBOY: So what moral did you draw from that?

STING: To trust my instincts. However, it was very good for me in some ways. I certainly got a higher profile than I would have ever thought. I don't think it's done me any harm ultimately.

PLAYBOY: You were used to promote the movie. A lot of people went to see it because of you and were disappointed because your part was so small.

STING: That really pissed me off. *Dune* was a classic case where I was abused by the publicity department who saw I was successful and just used me to death.

PLAYBOY: Can you imagine quitting music for acting?

STING: I don't think they are mutually exclusive. I think you can do both. A film only takes about three months out of your life. That leaves you another nine. I wrote a lot of this album during filming; there's so much time spent just hanging around.

PLAYBOY: How did you first fall into films?

STING: It was when we had no money and my wife was an actress and had an agent for whom she occasionally worked, for the odd play or odd television appearance. At the time I looked fairly extraordinary. I had this shock of blond hair that stuck up and had green bits on the side of it. She sent me for an ad and I got the job. Then she sent me for a movie which was *Quadrophenia.*

PLAYBOY: What were you doing at the time?

STING: It was after college; I was hanging around for a while until I got a phone call from this nun who had taught my sister. She was looking for a qualified teacher who was unemployed, and I was both. I was recruited to teach nine-year-olds. I taught for two years.

PLAYBOY: How about your own education?

STING: I had a strange education really. I was always a bit of an outcast, except that I was 100 and 200 metres champion, and that gave me a certain amount of cachet in school. I was on a scholarship and was educated with kids from rich, middle-class backgrounds. That really gave me a taste for upward mobility — toward money. I mean, I was with kids who had no holes in their trousers!

PLAYBOY: You were born in Newcastle in North-East England. What was it like?

STING: I lived very close to the shipyard. Ships used to loom over my house — great massive super-tankers three storeys high that would blot out the sun completely by the time they were built.

PLAYBOY: What did your parents do? Were you close?

STING: My father is a milkman, my mother is a nurse. It wasn't really a close family, but I'm not ungrateful for anything that happened to me really because I like who I am.

PLAYBOY: You remember your childhood without fondness?

STING: I was unhappy. Very aware that I just didn't belong. I didn't feel I belonged either at home or in my town, or in the school. I wouldn't be a kid again. It was a pretty aggressive environment to be brought up in. It gave me an edge, learning how to fight and handle myself.

PLAYBOY: What musical influences were there?

STING: There was jazz. I listened to Count Basie, Miles Davis, whom I've since met.

I was unhappy. Very aware that I just didn't belong. I wouldn't be a kid again. It was a pretty aggressive environment to be brought up in.

Weather Report; Thelonius Monk; Charlie Mingus. By the time I got out of college and was teaching, I knew I could play and write songs. I knew I was talented. I just had to wait for the opportunity. I would play around town in various bands. I was like a session musician; I would play jazz with various groups. I learned to read music, play the various styles.

Then I got married and decided I'd gone as far as I could in my town. The only thing to do really was go to London, seek my fortune there. It was a cliche and I did it. I was married with a kid, no money, no prospects, nowhere to live, and just went to London and hoped for the best. I seemed to be right about my dreams.

PLAYBOY: What was happening in London's music scene?

STING: That was the year of punk, which was a kind of galvanising phenomenon for everybody. The rock industry had been dominated previously by dinosaur groups, faceless corporate rock. You couldn't get in. Then the Sex Pistols kicked the doors down. They paved the way for the Police.

PLAYBOY: How did the Police get together?

STING: I had met Stewart Copeland earlier in 1976. He turned up at this club in Newcastle. He was with a band called Curved Air and he spotted me and got my number from someone and phoned me up. We had vague plans about forming a group, a New Wave group, but that was pretty much a sort of fairy-tale. It wasn't the reason I came to London at all. I thought, if nothing happens, I'll find this Stewart guy and see what happens. So in London I was signing on the dole every Wednesday, and looking for somewhere to live a lot of the time. We were staying in a friend's living room with a dog and a baby. We tried a few squats. Stewart was in a squat at the time. [*laughing*] Pretty seedy. So Stewart and I were just messing around in this flat with guitars. We formed the Police with another guitar player and later switched to Andy Summers. Miles Copeland, Stewart's brother, was managing some bands. We played some other songs for him and he wasn't that impressed, but when he heard *Roxanne,* he decided to act as our manager. He immediately went to the record company and said, "Release this single. You don't have to give us any money, just promote it and see what happens." So we started off on the right footing, really, not owing anybody anything. That gave us complete creative control over whatever we did. It gave us a good royalty rate. We had a hit record, which was perfect.

PLAYBOY: Your signature tune is *Roxanne.* It's a staple of your concerts. Do you tire of it?

STING: I'll always play *Roxanne.*

PLAYBOY: How did you come to write it?

STING: I wrote that song in Paris. It was the first time I had been in Paris, and we were staying in a very shabby hotel and there were prostitutes on the street. I had never seen that before. In England they don't have prostitutes on the street. So I was sort of deeply moved and affected by these women who looked so beautiful — at a distance. When you get close up they're not quite so beautiful.

PLAYBOY: What about the music? It was hailed as the first reggae-influenced pop song.

STING: It was certainly influenced by reggae, but what made it unique was the very minimal construction. Very stark, which allowed my voice to sing out — to stick out on radio like a sore thumb. It was a time of high-gloss, dense production.

PLAYBOY: The rise of the Police was relatively quick, wasn't it?

STING: This idea of a quick rise is wrong. It wasn't quick. We made our moves carefully and quietly, then we made the next one and the next one, and eventually we just got there. It just seemed to happen with a kind of logic and progression; you look at it from the outside, yes, our rise was meteoric and phenomenal. But I remember every day and every night. It was bloody hard work. It wasn't for money as much as for something in the back of our heads that promised some vague, inexplicable glory. I don't know whether I'd go through with it again even if

(continued on page 115)

Recently arrived French model seeks partner to share in the fast life. (Photo supplied.)

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THE STATE OF THE NATION

If you're going to brag about your piece of The Lucky Country, you'd better be sure of your facts.

EACH YEAR, 17 percent of Australians change their address. Most merely relocate to another part of the same city, but a substantial number, particularly among those in their twenties, move interstate. Why do they move? What do they hope to find?

Who knows? Those are questions for psychiatrists, sociologists and radio talk-back personalities. One thing is certain, however, their new lives will not be identical to the ones they left behind. Despite jet planes, junk food restaurants and network television, Australia is not yet completely homogenised. Each of our states and territories has its own special way of life.

Of course, if you are planning an interstate move, it's not enough to know the states are different. What you really want to know is which states are good places to live and which should be avoided. But how do you decide which state is best? If states were beach girls, it would be easy. We would simply have them parade down a catwalk in a bikini or a wet T-shirt. If states were motor cars, we could find out which was best by racing them around a track. But states have neither boobs nor bumpers, so we must look to more subtle methods of comparison.

Experts are no particular help because each has his own idiosyncratic criterion for judging quality. A classical music enthusiast may feel that the state with the most outstanding symphony orchestra is best, a banker may equate best with wealth and a sports buff may look upon a state that has never won the Sheffield Shield as uninhabitable. The trouble with those individual criteria is that they are too narrow: each focuses on a single aspect of life. But man does not live by music, money or sports alone, so no single measure can capture the overall quality of life. The only way to obtain a fair picture of what it's like to live in our various states is to consider many features simultaneously.

In our survey, five main areas have been broken down into more detailed comparisons between the states: when money is examined it's separated into cost of living, and wealth and income; climate and geography looks at details such as hours of sunshine; the people category includes matters such as ratio of women to men; health figures range from deaths by violence to expenditure on alcohol and tobacco; and finally sports and culture incorporates numbers of nudist clubs as well as gambling revenues. Using data from public records, each state and territory can be compared in many dimensions, and the sum of those comparisons used to determine which is the best place to live and which is the worst.

Let's be crass and begin with money. You may think this is a mistake — money isn't everything and it won't buy happiness. Well, I've heard this before (mostly from rich folks), but I don't believe it. Come on! Money buys new cars, holidays, wine, women and hair transplants. Money alone may not make people happy, but it

Article by SETH GREGORY

certainly makes misery easier to take.

So, which state is best financially? There are several ways to answer this question. Based purely on property values, NSW and Victoria are the richest states. If, on the other hand, overseas earnings are the criterion, Queensland and Western Australia come out on top. But neither of these measures really gets at the average person's idea of wealth: cash in hand. By this standard, NSW and Victoria are clearly the wealthiest states and Tasmania is by far the poorest. Since trading bank figures include large corporate accounts, a more relevant comparison for the typical worker may be average weekly earnings. According to this measure, the best states are not states at all but the Northern Territory and the ACT. The average male wage-earner in the worst state, Queensland, earns only 80 percent of what Canberra's bureaucrats manage to suck from the public trough. Canberra also appears to offer the best job security. At the end of 1984, it had the lowest proportion of people receiving the dole, while the Northern Territory and Tasmania had the highest.

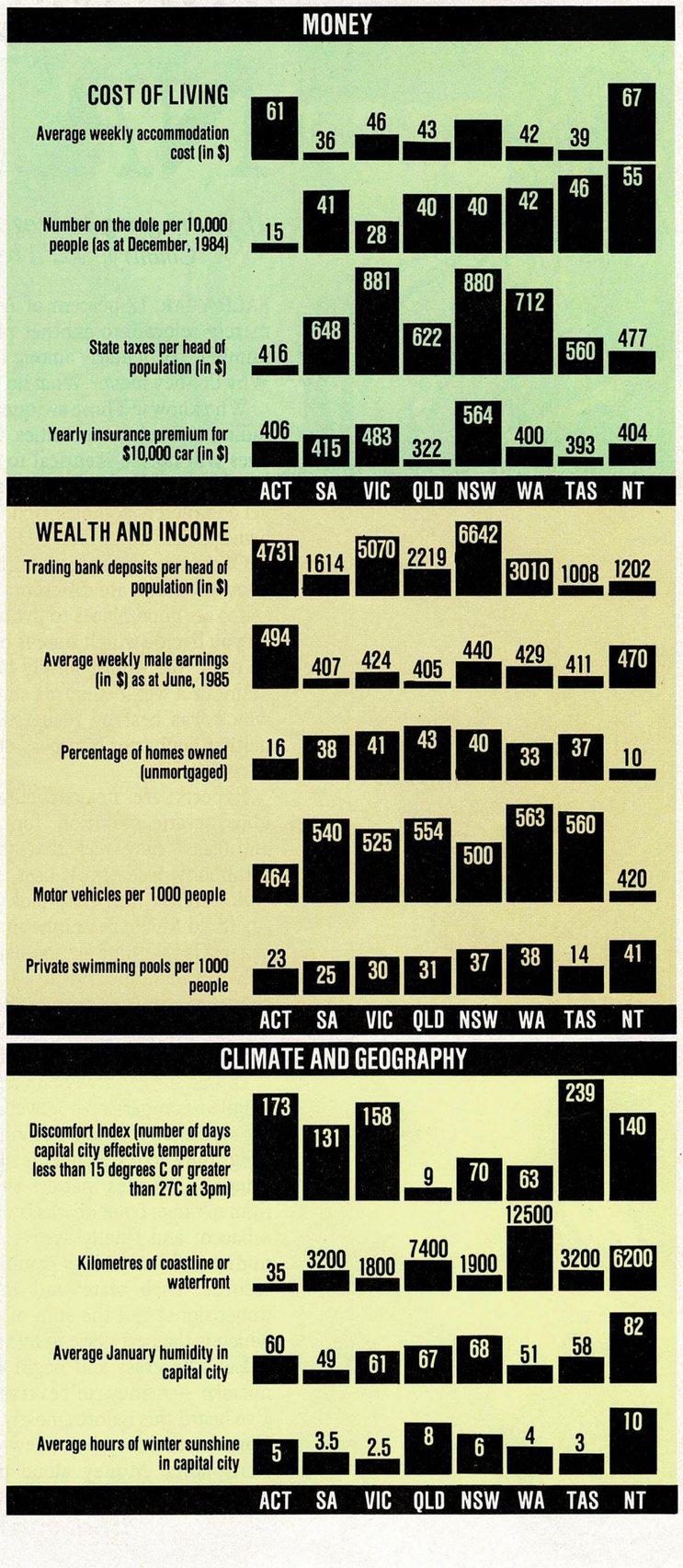
The ACT also leads in other traditional measures of personal affluence — it has the highest percentage of private telephone ownership, for example — but it is not ahead in everything. Western Australia has the highest concentration of motor vehicle ownership and proportionately more private swimming pools than any place except the Northern Territory. Interestingly, Queensland, which is only average in most measures of wealth, leads in one area closely associated with the great Australian dream: more Queenslanders live in their own (unmortgaged) homes than citizens of any other state.

Affluence, of course, is relative: it's determined not only by what you take in but by what goes out. Economically, it does you little good to relocate interstate and receive a 20 percent pay rise only to find that everything costs 20 percent more than it did back home. According to the consumer price index (CPI), the cost of living increased more rapidly in the ACT over the past five years than in other states. The effects of the galloping CPI are mirrored in Canberra's high accommodation costs, which are topped only by those in the Northern Territory. At the other end of the scale, the country's lowest housing costs are found in South Australia.

The two most populous states, NSW and Victoria, may not have the dearest accommodation costs but they do manage to have the highest taxes, more than twice per head of ACT residents. The two most populous states are also the most expensive places to insure a motor car. *(see Money chart)*

Money is important, but there are also physical comforts to consider. The capital city in which you are most likely to feel comfortable (neither too hot nor too cold)

(continued on page 104)


MONEY
COST OF LIVING
Average weekly accommodation cost (in $)
61 36 46 43 42 39 67
Number on the dole per 10,000 people (as at December, 1984)
15 41 28 40 40 42 46 55
State taxes per head of population (in $)
416 648 881 622 880 712 560 477
Yearly insurance premium for $10,000 car (in $)
406 415 483 322 564 400 393 404
ACT SA VIC QLD NSW WA TAS NT
WEALTH AND INCOME
Trading bank deposits per head of population (in $)
4731 1614 5070 2219 6642 3010 1008 1202
Average weekly male earnings (in $) as at June, 1985
494 407 424 405 440 429 411 470
Percentage of homes owned (unmortgaged)
16 38 41 43 40 33 37 10
Motor vehicles per 1000 people
464 540 525 554 500 563 560 420
Private swimming pools per 1000 people
23 25 30 31 37 38 14 41
ACT SA VIC QLD NSW WA TAS NT
CLIMATE AND GEOGRAPHY
Discomfort Index (number of days capital city effective temperature less than 15 degrees C or greater than 27C at 3pm)
173 131 158 9 70 63 239 140
Kilometres of coastline or waterfront
35 3200 1800 7400 1900 12500 3200 6200
Average January humidity in capital city
60 49 61 67 68 51 58 82
Average hours of winter sunshine in capital city
5 3.5 2.5 8 6 4 3 10
ACT SA VIC QLD NSW WA TAS NT

DEALING WITH LIFE

Lovely Pam Saunders may have had the puberty blues but now things are turning up trumps.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

Though you probably wouldn't find much on them in Australia's medical books, growing pains are a very real and probably unavoidable affliction. And although you may find it hard to believe, beautiful Pam Saunders had more than her fair share of the puberty blues while she was growing up in a small country town. "I never could get guys interested in me," she admits. "And I was really clumsy. I could screw up anything — fall down stairs, knock stuff over. Even now when I eat, I always spill something! But I'm learning to cope with things. I still get depressed but now I go out and do something about it. As for guys, they'll probably all flock around after this pictorial." No worries on that score, Pam! "I love men to death!" declares Pam. "But, you know, I let them get to me. I get very nervous. I don't think I want to get married. . ." Pam admits she dreams of having her own bar-cum-restaurant, and her current preoccupation is with gambling. "I like dealing blackjack," she says, "and I like to play. I do all right. I don't bet a lot of money, I just like the challenge. I like to challenge men. I'm a better blackjack player than most of them!"

DIPLOMATIC CORPSES

Are the halcyon days of our foreign service over? Former ambassador Alan Renouf predicts a new era in international diplomacy.

SO PRESIDENT REAGAN wants to post another of his wealthy big-business buddies as ambassador to Australia. The last guy, former Cadillac salesman Robert Nesen, was greeted with scepticism by foreign affairs observers when appointed in 1981. Now the new boy in town looks like being Bill Lane, publisher of a mass-circulation

magazine called *Sunset*. Can't you just hear the howls of diplomatic derision echoing down Canberra's halls of power?

At least this new appointment may turn out to be a better choice than the previous one: the new bloke has been here several times before and as a media magnate seems better equipped than a motor dealer.

Such a nomination by the US of yet another non-career person to a position assumed by your average Aussie to have some significance raises fundamental questions about the diplomatic world: for instance, whether ambassadors these days are very important persons after all, or whether the posting of non-professionals as American ambassadors means the US doesn't rate our country as highly as our politicians may like us to believe. Another is: what the hell do ambassadors do anyway?

Few people realise ambassadors no longer have the authority they once enjoyed. The ambassador was once entrusted with the main carriage of the relationship between his own country and that to which he was sent. Long ago, this authority even extended to declaring war, and the importance is reflected in the silly title of Excellency and in the description of an ambassador employed by Buckingham Palace (which still formally appoints Australian ambassadors): "Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary." That description is absurd these days; no one in the trade could possibly regard himself as extraordinary or as having any meaningful power at all.

What does come to the public's notice is the lifestyle of the ambassador — the big cars and houses with flags, the servants, the high social profile and immunity from the law. These things, too, are relics of the past, conveying an importance long since gone. We are entitled to wonder whether the trappings serve any purpose, particularly as quite a number of those who enjoy them are themselves deceived. Indeed, there are arguments to suggest that lowering the lifestyle of ambassadors and diplomats generally would be beneficial. To do so would save the taxpayer money; it would reduce the visibility of diplomats and hence lessen the chances they might be the targets of mobs and terrorists.

That is an area of international affairs where Australia, as a young country, could give the world a useful lead. Unfortunately, those in Canberra have never seized the point and Australia's ambassadors persist with the traditional trappings. Surprisingly, ostentation beyond the norm is not the preserve of the most wealthy countries; when I was ambassador in Washington, the Moroccan and Iranian ambassadors were the social lions of the capital.

Even if the charge of extravagance can't be levelled at Australian governments, both political parties have been guilty of quite mindlessly opening more and more posts abroad. When Malcolm Fraser was prime minister he established one in Zimbabwe (among others) when there was no good reason in the national interests to do so. Bob Hawke, in turn, has opened an embassy in Addis Ababa (again among others) without adequate justification, although he has closed down the one in Accra at the same time. There are now about 15 Australian diplomatic missions which serve no real purpose. Malta's, for instance, has remained intact because successive leaders have been unwilling to risk losing the Maltese migrant vote.

The modern ambassador is no more than an agent of the government who appoints him, and he is an agent with very little power of his own. Just as the overseas agents of companies have lost power as communications have improved, so have ambassadors. There is no longer any need to give an agent the authority to make important decisions; they are bound by instructions which can be delivered immediately and principals can be in touch with each other at the flick of a telex or telephone button.

What's more, ministers of governments can easily get together, anywhere, anytime. Australian ministers are addicted to international travel; this is one economy none of them will ever countenance. Yet it is rare that ministers' overseas visits achieve anything for Australia which the man on the spot could not have handled. Nearly always, such visits amount to little more than tourism, ego-trips and efforts to get favorable notice by the media.

The improvement in communications has had a great impact upon the work of the ambassador. Notably, his capacity to make policy off his own bat has been most severely curtailed. For the ambassador, decked out as a VIP, it can be a frustrating situation, but ambassadors of a very high calibre are no longer necessary. Hence, there is something to be said for President Reagan's practice of selecting ambassadors, although it is too much to hope that a man as simplistic as him is acting on the basis of such reasoning.

The dispatch to Canberra of rich friends of incumbent presidents has become the rule rather than the exception. When diplomatic relations were established between Australia and the US in 1941, and for some time thereafter, Canberra was the preserve of State Department professionals. Subsequently, however, it became part of the White House's pork barrel — that is, a reward for the party faithful.

If the modern ambassador is a giant in appearance and a dwarf in authority, what is there left for him to do, assuming he is not on a long overseas holiday? Actually, there remains a job to be done, albeit a different one. Firstly, the ambassador is a conduit between the government to which he is accredited and his own; he is the main channel through which information and views are exchanged. Secondly, he is an observer of, and reporter upon, developments in his country of accreditation, especially developments of relevance to his own country's interests. Thirdly, he is an advertiser of his country.

Finally, an ambassador is the protector, in so far as it's possible, of his country and its citizens' interests.

Those duties appear worth while but the reality is somewhat different. For instance, being a conduit between governments doesn't call for much skill. When I was in Washington, Malcolm Fraser had the habit of writing letters to President Carter which I was instructed to deliver. The best way of doing the job, I learned, was to have a driver leave the letters with the guard at the White House gate! At any rate, all the letters finished up at the State Department, which sometimes asked the Embassy how it thought the President should reply.

Furthermore, the carrying out of ambassadorial duties unavoidably entails a lot of unproductive effort, such as managing the embassy. For Australian ambassadors, that is one long headache, for they are bound hand and foot by regulations laid down in Canberra (which may not have invented bureaucracy but has certainly perfected it). Then there is the chore of looking after

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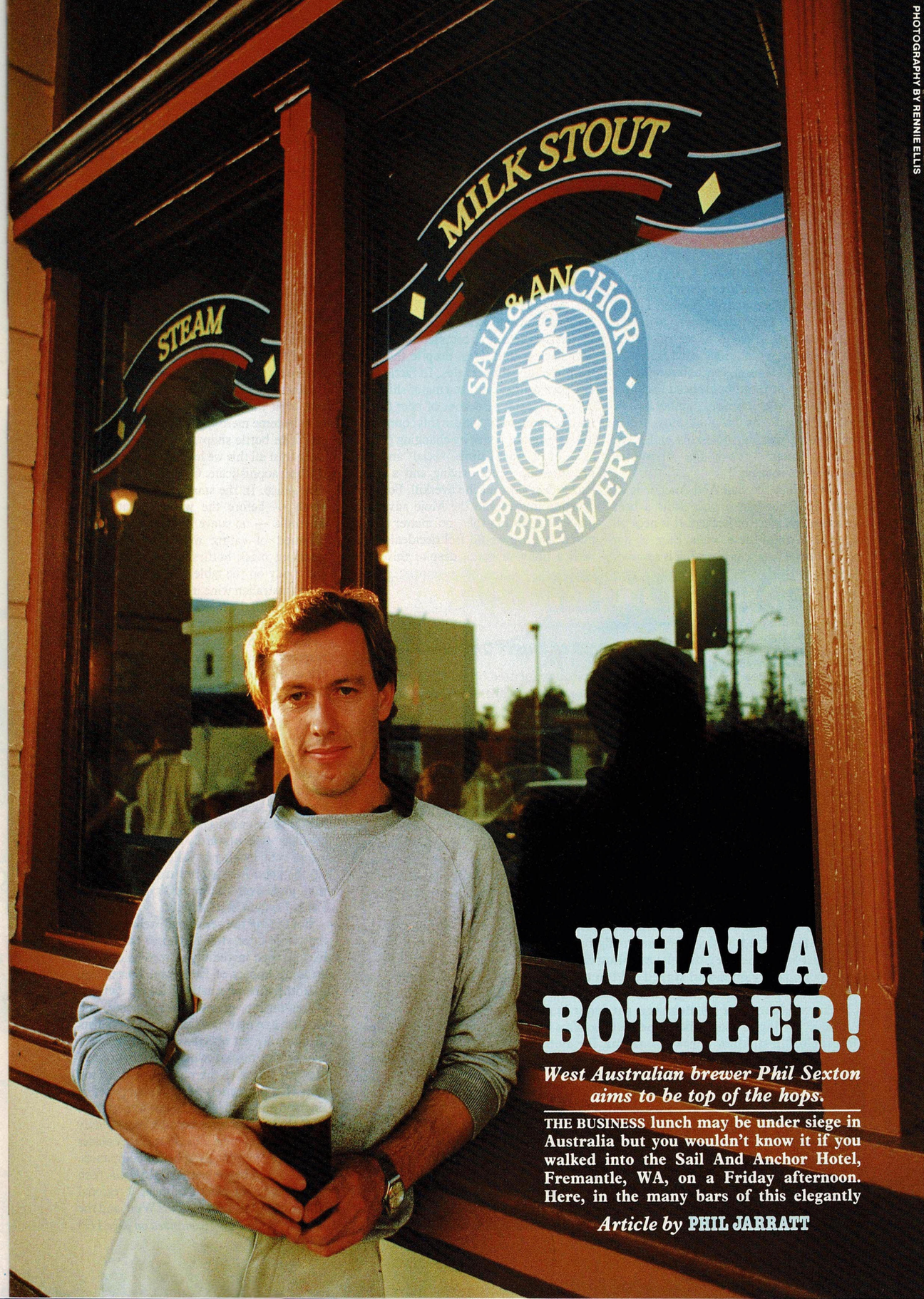
AUSTRALIAN EMBASSIES: HOW HELPFUL ARE THEY?

WHEN ABROAD, Australians should not expect much in the way of assistance from Australian embassies or consulates. This isn't the fault of the government or the diplomats. It is simply what international law and practice say should be done.

Just as foreigners in Australia have to abide by Australian law, Australians overseas have to obey the law of the country they are visiting. All that the embassy or consulate can do is try to ensure that citizens of its country are not unjustly treated according to the local law. Also, embassies and consulates are severely circumscribed in the amount of assistance they can give to Australians who run into financial problems when abroad. The sum that can be advanced is small and a guarantee of repayment by someone in Australia is normally required.

Generally, Australians travelling overseas have to understand that the primary function of an embassy or consulate is to look after relations between governments. An embassy is not there, as I once had to tell a visitor in Paris, to get tickets for the French Tennis Championships.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RENNIE ELLIS

WHAT A BOTTLER!

West Australian brewer Phil Sexton aims to be top of the hops.

THE BUSINESS lunch may be under siege in Australia but you wouldn't know it if you walked into the Sail And Anchor Hotel, Fremantle, WA, on a Friday afternoon. Here, in the many bars of this elegantly

Article by **PHIL JARRATT**

restored public house of the Victorian era, you would see, four and five deep and clamoring for service, Western Australia's finest — lawyers, miners, scammers, real estate tycoons and main chance prospectors — knocking back pint jugs and stuffing themselves with pork pies and pickles. From a distance it's a scene not unlike that which you might observe in any well-heeled business district in any fashionable city of the world. On closer inspection, however, there are subtle differences which make this place unique in Australia.

A stocky man in a three-piece suit orders a best bitter. When it arrives he inspects the jug from every angle, watching how well the beer's frothy head clings to the rim of the glass. He holds it to the light and admires its golden clarity. He sniffs its bouquet before smacking his lips, tilting his head back and drawing in the precious amber. Well pleased, he calls to the publican, a fresh-faced young man in moleskins and R.M. Williams boots: "It's a fine brew, sir. You've done it again."

This is what the Sail And Anchor is all about. It is not just a pub. It is a beer connoisseur's piece of heaven. It is neck oil nirvana. Within these walls beer is not merely brewed and consumed, it is revered.

"It's a pub for people who have a real appreciation of beer and its traditions," says Phil Sexton, master brewer and publican and, at 30, possibly Australia's leading exponent of traditional brewing. Eighteen months ago Sexton and his partners opened up what used to be the Freemason's Hotel, opposite the Fremantle markets, as a traditional ale house which brewed on the premises. As you read this, Sexton will be presiding over the Sail And Anchor, another ale house called The Chelsea Tavern, and what could well be the most sophisticated small brewery in the world, the Matilda Bay Brewing Company at Nedlands on the Swan.

Clearly there is a commercial future in beer and its traditions, despite the downturn in national beer sales. In fact, there is evidence to suggest that a major shift in the style and social demeanor of beer drinkers may be about to explode in this country. It's a shift brought about by changing perceptions of a good time, social and legal pressures on drink driving and a general backlash against macho overkill. For all the sporting images and the Mojo advertising jingles suggesting that, no matter how we might feel, we would feel decidedly better with a tinny in hand, despite this never-ending assault on our powers of reason, the fact remains that beer consumption in Australia has fallen dramatically against the population graph over the past decade. As the baby boom passes into ancient history, many more of us are of drinking age and yet we are consuming less beer.

In 1975 Australians consumed approximately 140 litres a head. By 1981 that figure was down to 134 litres and preliminary results of a survey taken late in 1984 reveal that we are now down below 117 litres a person. Furthermore, 70 percent of all beer sales in Australia are now bottles and cans, indicating that not only are we drinking less, we are doing it at home or at picnic spots — anywhere but in the pub. This trend is further borne out by the demise of the inner-city hotel in Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane these past few years, and the fact that even the huge suburban bloodhouses have become mere appendages to enormous cut-price bottle shops.

Against all this we have the emergence of the beer sophisticate. Or perhaps it's the re-emergence. In the smart nightclubs of the 1940s — before the wine revolution hit Australia — no suave hombre would have dreamed of eating without a couple of steaming black bottles of pilsener capped and ready on the table. But the emergence of an Australian wine industry in the 1950s, coupled with the increasingly cosmopolitan nature of the population, sent beer bottles flying off the chequered table-cloths to reappear, mass marketed as the sauce of the salt of the earth. Beer was good, cheap and honest, like the working class for whom it was intended. And the idea was to drink as much of it as possible before the pubs shut at six.

In the 1980s, however, beer is poised to move into the hearts and minds of the middle class just as Volvos and designer jeans have before it. The current crop of Foster's television commercials gives you the clue: slick, upwardly mobile types jump out of cabs looking at Rolex watches, then sip the good Aussie brew from cut glass as they gaze over the night skyline of New York, London or Honolulu.

But the big breweries may well be closing the stable door after the horse has bolted. Having been incredibly slow to react to the creeping impact of Heineken, Lowenbrau and other fine international lagers available at reasonable prices here, Carlton and Castlemaine may now find, to their chagrin, that they are left with the diminishing lower end of the market while the "boutique" brewers win over the rapidly growing top end. That is precisely what has happened in England and the United States where, since 1980, beer sales have become increasingly fragmented as new "backyard" breweries steal sales from the established companies.

If this is to be the trend in Australia, then no one is better placed to make a regional killing than Phil Sexton in the West, and the

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BEER, GLORIOUS BEER

What's the difference between lager and ale?

The term "beer" refers to any alcoholic liquor formed by the fermentation of grain. Whisky and other grain spirits are therefore distillates of beer. There are two generic styles of beer — ale and lager — and the production of each is quite different. In Australia ales are only now beginning to make a comeback, after almost 50 years in the wilderness (largely because in the '20s it was common practice for brewers to send their most promising trainees to the firm of Alfred Jorgenson in Copenhagen where they gained a solid grounding in the brewing of lager but not ale).

Ale is fermented by yeast in an open vat so that the ferment can be skimmed off the top when the process is finished. Lager is fermented by a species of yeast which settles at the bottom, from where it is drawn. Thus it is generally fermented in a sealed vessel, which makes for an elegant flavor. Ale, on the other hand, ferments in contact with air, producing a bigger, bolder flavor. In an analogy with wine, ale could be compared to a big red, while lager has the same qualities as a delicate white.

After the yeast has been skimmed, the ale is put straight into the barrel and either fermented again there or bottle fermented. Thus the end product is the result of open fermentation followed by sealed fermentation. Lager is fermented only once and stored cold in the fermentation vessel for a period of several months, during which time its flavor becomes more complex. Then, to accentuate its elegance, the lager is filtered before serving.

Beer tasting is much like wine tasting. You should look at the clarity and the color first, then check its aroma for hops and malt character. Fruit characters are occasionally present in some beers and are not a good sign. Cleanliness of character is also important. Run a mile if you can smell a sulphur compound.

On a palate look for cleanliness, too. That means no cloying sweetness and no prickling on the tongue. Some beers break all the rules, however, and are still good drops. Cooper's Sparkling Ale, for example, is deliberately cloying and sweet.

Lastly, good lager should be quite fizzy or gassy, while good ale will be almost flat. If the former is too much like the latter, or vice versa, you won't be able to appreciate the full flavor of either.

LONG TALL ALI

Leggy Sydney model Ali Lynwood shows why she's never been short of admirers.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB WATSON

Twenty-three-year-old Ali Lynwood got her first taste of the glamorous world of modelling and show business when she was just 16. Ali was working as a receptionist at a Sydney casting agency when one day actress Jacki Weaver came into the office and asked her why she was wasting her time behind a desk instead of getting in front of the cameras. Ali admits she was rather starstruck at the time and she couldn't help but be envious of the earning power of the stars she was meeting. "I figured it wouldn't be a bad idea to be part of the action," she says. Ali started off with a modelling assignment for Australian *Vogue* and since, she's had a busy life doing plenty of other magazine work as well as fashion parades and TV commercials. Although all that work has kept Ali in the public eye, she is philosophical about the modelling business. "It's got a bit of glamor but there's a lot of hard work too. It's a give and take world," she explains. To most models, give and take means a daily battle with the tape measure and bathroom scales, but Ali says she's never had a weight problem.

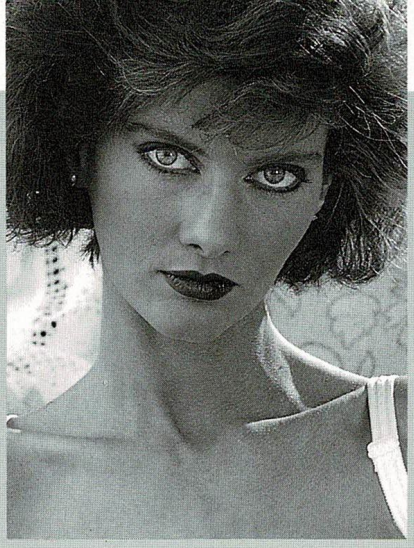
"I can eat anything anytime and still keep as slim

"I like good physiques. I love looking at men's bodies. But physical appearance is not the most important thing. Someone who is sincere and faithful is also very attractive."

as when I was 17. Just lucky I guess!" she laughs. Ali says she's never had to do much exercise either to keep her trim figure. "I used to ride and show-jump horses and that kept me fit. I've just returned from a year's working holiday in Perth and I'm back exercising a friend's horse on weekends. It won't be long until I get a horse of my own and then I'll go back to a bit of competition riding." During winter Ali loves to go to the ski-fields but she admits that she's a summer girl at heart. "I love just lying on the beach with my Walkman and a good book," she says. "Then people don't come up and bug me when I'm sun-baking topless." Ali has done some research into her favorite beaches, and that includes some overseas investigations. Her choices are Sydney's Camp Cove, Perth's Swanbourne Beach, Hawaii and Bali. Swan-bourne is a nudist beach and has earned a bit of a reputation for its annual Nude Olympics. "It was while I was at Swanbourne that I decided to try out to be a Playmate," says Ali. "Lying nude on the beach I couldn't help thinking that if I could do that in public, it would be easy to take off my clothes in front of the camera."

"My motto is never go backwards. I look ahead, and that goes for my career and relationships."

Ali Raymond
MISS DECEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Ali Lynwood

BUST: 88cm (35") WAIST: 61cm (24") HIPS: 88cm (35")

HEIGHT: 177cm WEIGHT: 54 kg SIGN: Libra

BIRTH DATE: 16-10-62

AMBITIONS: To be happy and successful at acting & modelling.

TURN-ONS: Driving fast cars, enjoying the sun, and gentle caring people.

TURN-OFFS: People who use hard drugs; are cruel to animals; insincere men.

FAVORITE BOOKS: The Thorn Birds, Rage of Angels, Chances.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Jim Croce, Bob Dylan, Bryan Brown.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Showjumping, skiing, softball.

IDEAL MAN: Brown eyes, long brown hair and a tanned, muscled body.

SECRET FANTASY: To make love to my ideal man on a secluded, moonlit beach.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A salesman took on a contract to sell a new line of carpet door-to-door. It was very good quality stuff but after a week on the job his sales record was pretty dismal.

"I've got an idea," his wife announced one evening. "I'll make you a pair of underpants from the carpet and you can show your potential customers just how versatile and attractive it can be."

The next day he went out wearing the carpet underpants and after calling at a dozen homes he had secured 10 sales.

The sales pattern continued for a week until one morning he woke late, dressed in a great hurry and raced out of the house without his carpet underpants.

He knocked at the front door of the first house on his schedule, dropped his trousers and announced to the startled lady of the house: "How would you like 10 metres of this up your front passage?"

The bus was very crowded and the young stud pressed himself in behind a rather attractive blonde.

"Hey, will you stop poking me with that thing!" she growled.

"I'm very sorry," he replied, "but it's only my wage packet."

"Well, you must work for a good firm," she scoffed, "because you've had three rises since you got on the bus!"

The middle-aged couple had been holidaying for a week at a resort hotel in the mountains. When the final bill was presented, the husband noted that they had been charged for midday meals.

"But my wife and I didn't have any lunches," he protested to the manager.

"I can't help that," came the reply. "The tariff is all-inclusive. The meals were there if you wanted them."

After talking the matter over with his wife, the guest went back to the manager's office.

"I think we'll have to come to some arrangement," he announced. "I'm deducting $100 from the bill for you sleeping with my wife."

"Don't be ridiculous!" snapped the manager. "I didn't sleep with your wife."

"That's not our fault," smiled the husband. "She was there if you wanted her!"

A pretty young thing sashayed into her lawyer's office one morning, wriggled on to a chair and announced that she wanted a divorce from her husband.

"Why?" queried her legal adviser.

"He isn't faithful," she sighed.

"What makes you think that?"

"Well," she replied, "I don't think he's the father of my child."

Because of the distance between them, the chief of the surveying crew was using hand signals to communicate with his newly hired female crew member. He pointed to his eye, then to his knee and finally pumped his fist up and down in front of him.

Seeing that, the woman signalled back by touching her eye, grabbing her left breast and pointing to her crotch.

Thoroughly confused, the chief approached her and said, "Didn't you understand? Eye kneed the hammer."

"I understood," she smiled. "Eye left tit in the box!"

Have you served on a jury before?" the court clerk asked the sexy young woman.

"No," she tittered, "but I've tried plenty of men."

Two young men were reminiscing about their high school days when one of them remarked, "Gee, I wish I could have gone to the local university."

"Bullshit," scoffed his friend. "You wouldn't have liked it much. Besides, the only graduates they ever had were football players and whores."

"It just so happens that my wife graduated from there," the other guy snapped.

"Oh, really?" came the reply. "Well, um, tell me, Neil, what position did she play?"

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

Some enchanted evening, you may see a stranger across a crowded bar. . . then what?

Getting The Message

I'VE ALWAYS BELIEVED in waiting at least five minutes before falling in love with a woman, but in her case, I knew I'd have to make an exception. Who can explain these things? I wanted to marry her. I wanted to give her world-famous children, build her a home by the sea, donate my kidneys to her parents, carve her visage in the Rock of Gibraltar with

Fiction by **PETER NELSON**

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL RIESER

my teeth, climb into a clothes dryer full of razor blades just to be near her dirty laundry. She had shimmering lakes for eyes, full Cupid's-bow lips, a smile that could turn ball bearings to butter, palomino hair, an elegant neck, outstanding breasts, a real darling little arse, so tight you could mill wheat with it, pins that made a ballerina's legs look like turkey wattles, and there was something in the way she carried herself that suggested royalty, the confidence of a princess, the power of a gypsy dancer. . . in short, I thought she was rather cute. I had to meet her.

There was a problem. She had an escort, a date. He was a nothing, a mannequin, a mono-dimensional cartoon of a man, a contrived zombie, hollow, probably a doctor or a lawyer with a Jaguar parked outside and a nice house somewhere and, okay, somewhat handsome, I suppose. But when she looked my way and our eyes met, briefly, I swear that for the first and only time in my life I had a psychic experience, an ESP message as clear as a bell. I heard her say, simply, "Help me."

Help me.

I've never been one of those people who refuse to get involved. I asked the barman if he knew who she was. He gave me the once-over, determining if I was an all-right sort of bloke, which I am, and then he nodded. In affairs of the heart, chance encounters such as this, a good barman is a liaison, an adviser, and this was a good barman. He said he thought her name was Whitney. Was she a model, I had to know, an actress, a goddess — was she *real?* He smiled and said she was real. He believed she worked in an office.

"There has to be a way," I said to myself. I make my living writing snappy advertising copy, persuading people to buy things, using words. And there had to be a means of getting the words to her, if fate were all it was cracked up to be, and it had to be destiny that brought us together. I never do anything unless it's inevitable and this was.

I took a pen and wrote a note on a cocktail napkin. I got the waitress to take it to her, explaining that she shouldn't let the blonde's companion see the note or it would ruin the surprise. The note said:

> You may be unaware of this, but the man you're with is a *clone.* DO NOTHING SUSPICIOUS. I'm from the future, and I know these things. Meet me outside the toilets in 10 minutes. Trust me. I work for the Xyglin League of Planets, ASIO, the Association Of Unmarried Dentists and *A Country Practice.*
>
> A friend.

The waitress believed in love and was a willing messenger. She slipped my note under a blank second napkin, with just a corner of my handwriting exposed. My heart raced. Would the blonde laugh? Would she tell the galah she was with? Would he come over and beat the shit out of me? He was built like a Clydesdale, though he didn't look nearly as bright. I'm small and have a wonky knee. I could neither flee nor fight. I was putting my life in her hands.

She discreetly read the note. She chuckled to herself when she was done. The turkey asked her what was so funny, and I read her lips, telling him, "Never mind." It could hardly have gone better.

"If you don't mind my butting in," the barman said, "what'd your note say?" I told him.

"Writing notes on cocktail napkins is an art form," I said. "I've been doing it since I was five. I should write a how-to book."

I boast to barmen. So what? They expect it. They're disappointed if you don't.

"Watch this," I said. I took another napkin from the stack and wrote:

> Actually, I am a medical student from a prestigious nearby university. I couldn't help noticing that your boyfriend is a carrier of bubonic plague. I would be happy to give you an examination. This is not a come-on — my main concern is for humanity. Meet me outside in five minutes.
>
> A friend.

"Not bad," the barman said. "Try it." He called the waitress over and told her to deliver my *billet-doux,* as covertly as before, to the blonde. Whitney read the second note, holding it under the table, out of view from the clodhopper, smiled, crushed the note in her hand and stuffed it behind her in the booth. She looked around the room, while her date rambled on, analysing the commodities market, reciting the phone book — whatever it was. I could see he was boring her to tears.

"See that?" I said. "She's dying to meet me. She can't stand not knowing who it is."

"Who what is?" the man on the bar stool next to me asked.

"The blonde over there," I told him. "She's been giving me the eye ever since she walked in."

"She's gorgeous," he said. I grabbed another napkin.

"Now I let her know which of us hunks is me," I said.

> Actually, do you see the well-dressed, handsome, wealthy-looking man at the bar? He's my bodyguard. I'm the bloke on his left. I have to dress this way to throw off suspicion. Whatever he might have told you, the man you're with is a hit man for the mafia, and he's after me. He always takes a woman with him when he makes his contracts. DO NOTHING.
>
> In thirty seconds, I'm going to walk out the door. Follow me — your life could depend on it. My bodyguard will detain your date long enough for us to get away. I'll explain everything.
>
> A friend.

"Well, that depends — who did your first marriage?"

This time, Whitney laughed out loud. Again the creep with her asked what was so funny, and again she told him it was nothing. She looked straight at me. I smiled my top-of-the-line designer smile, the one I save for special occasions. I was definitely scoring points.

"That got her attention," the guy next to me said.

"Give me a break," I said. "She wants me and she wants me bad."

"So go over there," the barman said.

"The trick is to get them to meet you somewhere," I said. "If the guy she's with should happen to be some rich husband, then we're going to need his money to fly off to Bali. Trust me; I know what I'm doing." The barman handed me another napkin.

"Make your next move, Ace," he said. I love it when barmen call me Ace.

I considered. I could tell her that two policemen had just asked me if I knew who her companion was, that she didn't look to me like the type to get involved with drugs, though her date did, and that if she wanted to avoid going to jail, she could meet me by the red phone and we could duck out back. Nothing is more romantic to a woman than the idea of being a fugitive on the run with someone. Even so, I sensed it was time to get serious:

> All kidding aside, there's no time to explain, but the wife of the man you're with just went into the ladies' room, honest. If you want to avoid an ugly scene, pretend you left something in the car, and I'll meet you in the parking area. I can give you a lift home if you need one.
>
> A friend.

"What do you think?" I said, showing it to the barman first.

"Definitely a winner," he said.

"Go for it," the man beside me said.

This time, my beautiful blonde read my missive, closed her eyes, shook her head, perhaps blushing, it was too dark to tell, and then looked at me as if to tell me I should be ashamed of myself. I looked at her as if to say, "I should be, I know, but I'm not."

"I believe she's definitely warming to you," the bloke next to me nudged.

"Why shouldn't she?" I said. "Now I bring out the big gun."

"What's that?" the barman asked.

"Sincerity," I said. "Someone asked Laurence Olivier what the secret to great acting was, and he said, 'Sincerity — once you can fake that, the rest is easy'."

I wrote my last note carefully, measuring my words. I was taking my best shot, shooting the moon, betting my wad, all my eggs, in for a penny, and the fate of the nations hung in the balance.

> Dear Whitney,
>
> All kidding truly aside, I have to meet you. I don't know why, but I felt sincerely, profoundly moved the minute you walked in. Beneath this obnoxious clown's mask is a nice bloke who would like a little time with you to express himself. I never believed in magic before, but then I don't believe how attracted to you I feel either. How can I see you? What should I do? I have no choice but to put it in your hands.
>
> Tom at the bar.

"If this works, that's not the only place I'll be putting it in," I told my new mates, my allies in this endeavor. My friends wanted to know what my final note said.

"I hate to disappoint you, fellas," I said, "but this one is personal."

Again, my heart raced. To add to the drama, just as the waitress delivered my note, the big bastard, the only obstacle between me and the girl of my dreams, rose and went to the cigarette machine. Whitney read my message and looked at me appraisingly. Clearly, she knew she was making an important decision. Then she took a pen from her purse and wrote something on her own cocktail napkin. Just when I thought my heart could pound no harder, it jumped into double time. Whitney gestured to our go-between and handed her the reply, pointing at me. The waitress laid the napkin, words down, on the mahogany before me. Both the barman and the bloke next to me leaned toward me.

"Do you mind?" I said. "This could be extremely private."

I lifted the napkin as though it were my last hole card and I'd just bet the sheep property, slowly, letter by letter, word by word, until its contents were revealed to me. It said:

> All kidding aside, really, Tom at the bar:
>
> 1. The man I'm with is my brother.
> 2. The man next to you is the barman's brother.
> 3. The barman is my husband.
> 4. You should probably leave.
>
> Whitney.

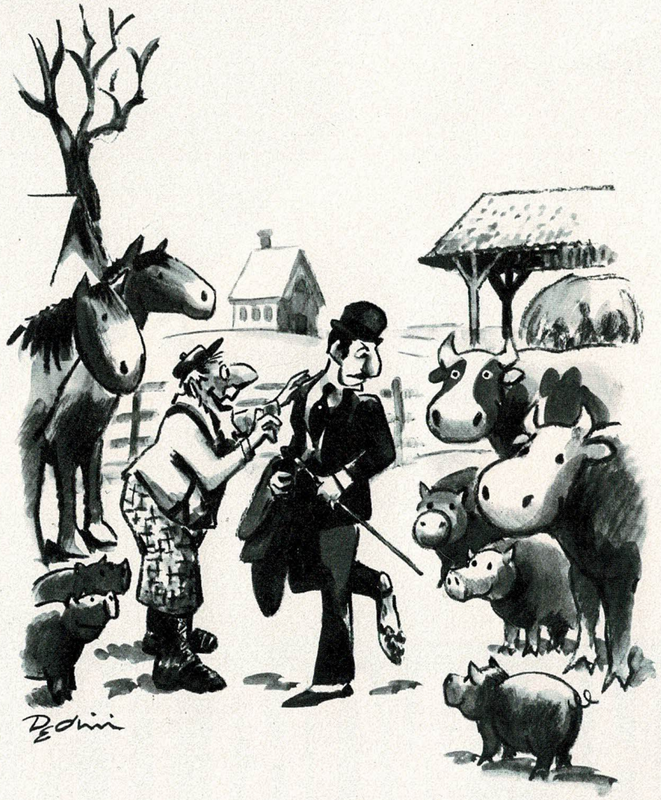
"See ya later, boys," I said, slapping a 10-dollar bill on to the bar. "Keep the change."

"Going somewhere?" the barman inquired.

"Yeah, she's meeting me," I said, "back at my karate studio, where I teach. Plus I left my doberman in the car, and he's probably dying to get out."

I left in a hurry. I didn't stop for a block and a half. I had to ask myself, had it been the truth? Or had I simply been beaten at my own game? If it wasn't one kind of truth, it was definitely another. I've always believed life is too short and too precious to worry about the difference. Cut your losses and go home.

That's what I've always said.



"But you're home, son. That's all that matters!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RENNIE ELLIS

THE WORLD'S SEXIEST CARNIVAL

Rennie Ellis checks out the carnal pleasures of Rio's once-a-year romp.

"IN BRAZIL, Rio de Janeiro's Carnival is larger, livelier, louder and more incredible than anything one can possibly imagine," says *The Insider's Guide To Rio*. To this list of superlatives should be added "sexier", for it is sex in all its manifestations that seems to be at the

core of the Carnival mood.

There is nothing subtle about it. During Carnival the women of Rio (at any time among the most sensual and alluring in the world) display their libido like a badge of honor. Self-restraint goes out the window as they indulge in eye-rivetting performances of sexual exhibitionism.

Consider my first encounter with this phenomenon. On the evening of my arrival in Rio I am walking along the crowded Avenida Atlantica, the grand parade that runs beside the famous Copacabana beach. On one side the steady thud of the shore break, on the other a wall of high-rise apartment blocks and towering hotels.

From somewhere amid the animated outdoor restaurants and street vendors comes the stirring beat of the Afro-Latin samba. At Carnival you can always hear the drums. They are the heartbeat of Rio. I am drawn irresistibly to their source. The rhythm comes from four drummers whose focus is a lone dancer, a black temptress, the sort of woman who for most of us only materialises in the most erotic of dreams.

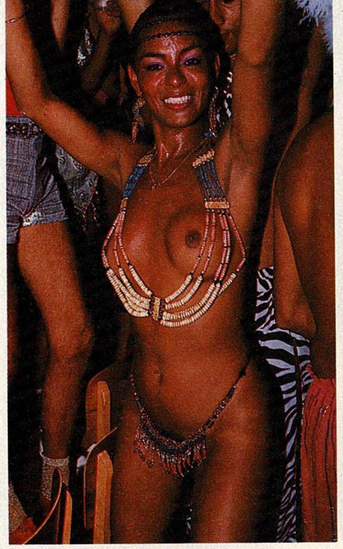
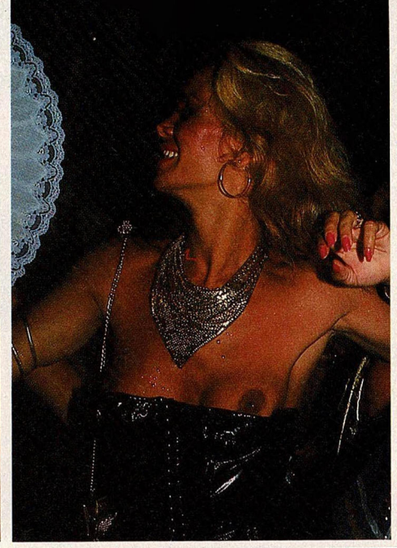
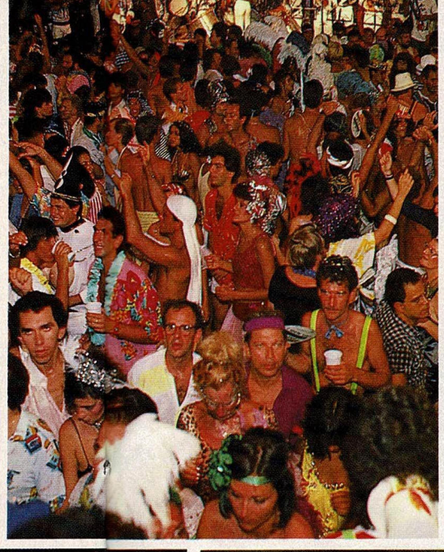
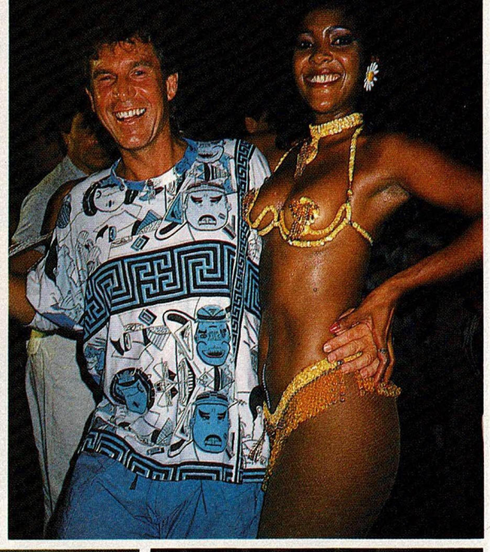
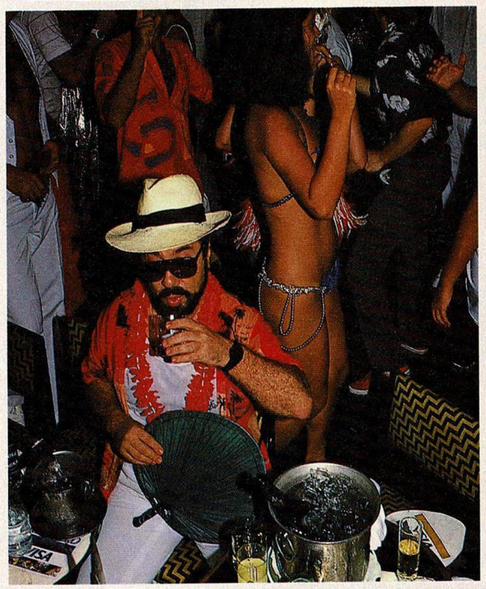
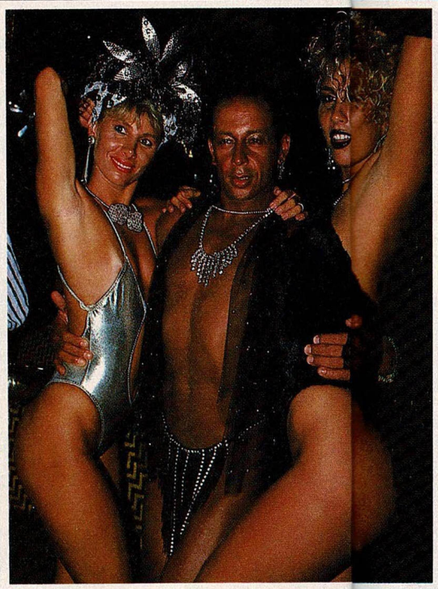
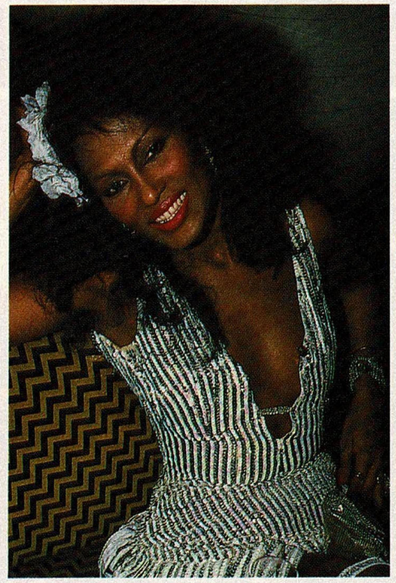
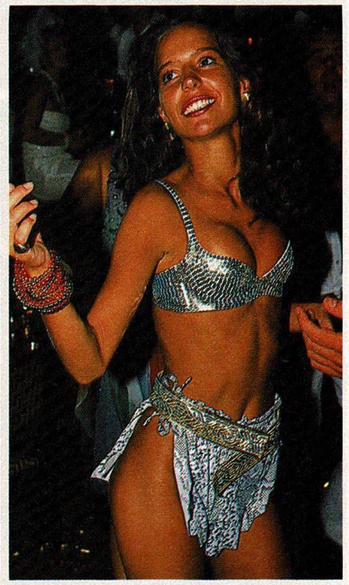
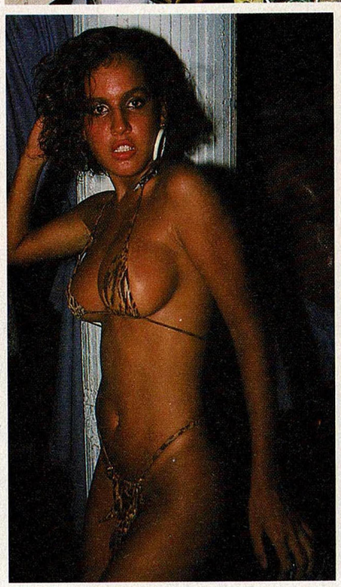
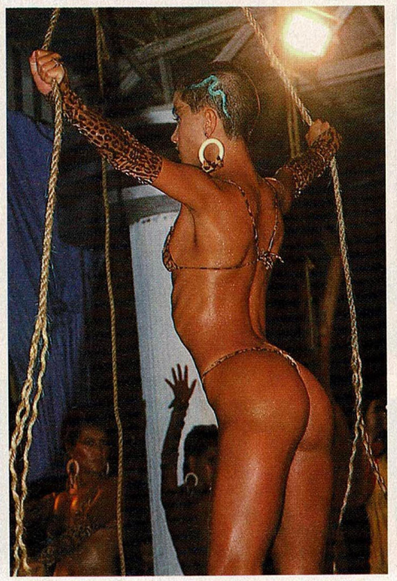
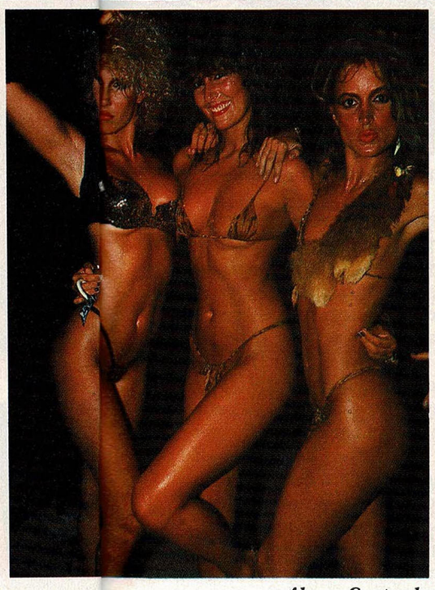
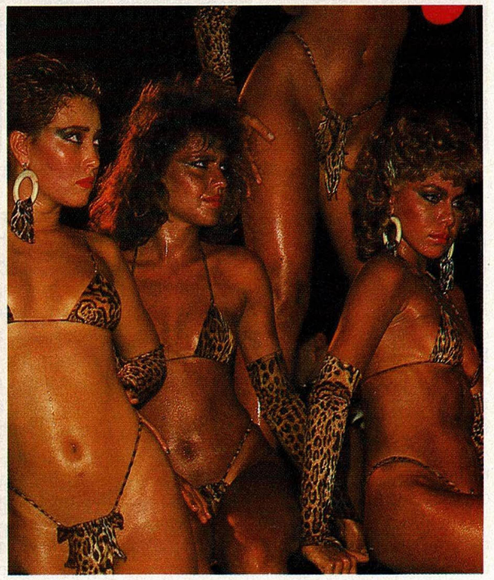
It is said the samba is an interpretation of a West African dance simulating copulation. You better believe it!

This dancer speaks with her body and the message is from somewhere deep in the jungle. It is, like so much of Carnival, a confrontation with raw, sexual energy. Her dancing is an invitation to commit fornication. This woman is so horny you are consumed with lust.

She is wearing a tiny yellow top that doesn't quite cover the underside of her swollen brown breasts. Her yellow mini-shorts have crept up the crease of her cheeks while the drums propel her hips violently from side to side. Then she thrusts her pelvis invitingly . . . at me! In-out, in-out, as she moves quite deliberately in my direction, her breasts quivering, her nipples erect and straining at the clinging fabric of her top. Little rivulets of perspiration run from between her breasts down her flat stomach and disappear into the top of her shorts. She is advancing toward me, looking at me as if she is making love to me. And to all intents and purposes, she *is,* right here in the street, in public.

A crowd has gathered around us as she takes my hands and places them on her firm African arse and holds them there while it turns and churns and I feel the flesh and underlying muscle responding to the drums. Then she stands behind me and grinds her pelvis into my bum. The crowd loves it! I am, it is true, somewhat embarrassed by this flagrant display, but with the crowd coming on strong it's a case of bite the bullet.

But this is just the warm-up. She motions for me to lie down on my back on the pavement and it is done in such a way that I dare not refuse. Then she straddles me and lowers her gyrating hips in time with the staccato drumming until her arse is swatting

Top: The Sugar Loaf Ball. Centre: Festivities at the sizzling Hippopotamus Club.

Above: Contenders for the title of Panther Queen slink and snarl.

my fly. The crowd yells approval and advice in excited Portuguese. Next she stands up and, still dancing, moves up my body until her crotch is above my face! My God! She wouldn't dare! I try to sit up but she firmly eases me back with her foot. The crowd murmurs in anticipation and slowly, very deliberately, down comes the crotch of this extraordinarily voluptuous dancer toward my incredulous eyes. Her thighs are spread and it registers that she is not wearing undies.

By now the audience is oohing and aahing with feeling. A few centimetres from my face the advancing vulva stops. She smiles with great satisfaction, steps away from me and generously helps me to my feet. The drummers turn up their tambourines and are passing them around for contributions and I, for one, give generously.

Carnival in Rio is like this — up front, full-on and ripe with licentiousness. It is a time for temporary couplings, for sex on the sly when your best friend's lover allows you to seduce her.

Officially Carnival takes place over the four days preceding Ash Wednesday. It is, in effect, a week-long party and it infects the whole population of this breathtaking city which, with eight million people, is one of the biggest in the world. It's a time for dressing up, dancing and drinking. Extremes of behavior are more or less officially sanctioned and the customary restraints of law and morality are put aside. The Cariocas, as the people of Rio are called, abandon themselves to the galvanising beat of the samba. Their stages are the streets and ballrooms of this steamy city and they perform with a compelling mixture of spontaneity and style.

The climax, and that is the most appropriate word, is probably the greatest show on earth. For two consecutive nights and into the following mornings, the famous samba clubs stage a spectacular street parade in which thousands upon thousands of singing, dancing, brilliantly costumed Cariocas accompany great batteries of drummers and huge fantasy floats past grandstands of cheering citizens. It is the culmination of a year's preparation of theme creation and song writing, of costume design and construction and of intense rehearsal, until suddenly on the two great nights tradition, history and fantasy come together to be presented in a pulsating tableau peopled by joyous, extroverted Brazilians.

Mostly it is the black poor and disadvantaged, the *favela* (slum) dwellers, who make up the mass of parading people. Carnival is a time of illusion, when for a night they become kings and queens and emotions run high. But no less enthusiastic than those descendants of African slaves are the privileged white of Rio who take to Carnival with the same primitive urges to join the less fortunate in the explosive rituals.

Starring in the parade are the statuesque mulattoes, brown-skinned girls of mixed blood, who seem to be possessed of all that is exotic and erotic in a woman. They are clad in the skimpiest of costumes — bejewelled and sequinned G-strings that reveal and emphasise the famous Brazilian *bunda,* the arse, the bum, the adored rear-end that is the symbol of the Carioca's sexuality. Their breasts are either bare or vaguely covered by a token pearl or two through which the brown nut of a nipple will invariably protrude.

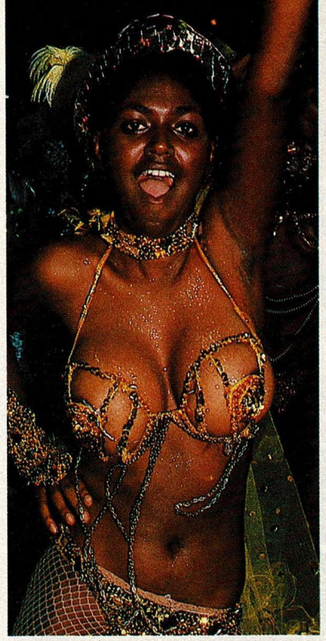
These provocative women parade themselves with all the narcissistic pride they can summon. Some of them ride high on the floats like pagan goddesses, others strut their stuff on the street, all hips and bum samba. Sometimes they draw attention to themselves by offering their breasts to their eager, tambourine-wielding male companions to lick and kiss, all of which is faithfully recorded on live TV and in the following day's press. The media are obsessed with Carnival.

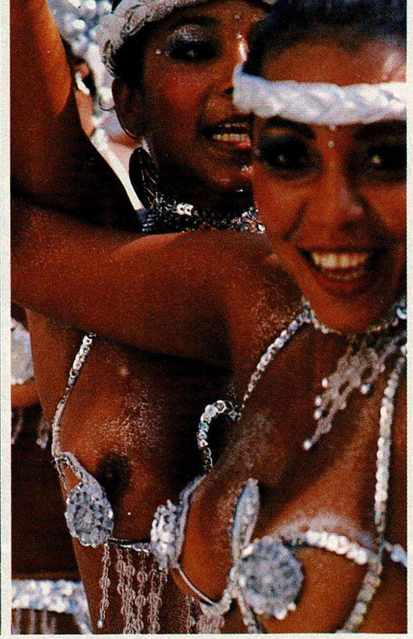
While the official parades and the random street parties are the public expression of Carnival, it is at the private costume balls that the real extremes of behavior and sexual excesses are experienced. The balls, which begin a week or so before the parades, are wild Bacchanalian romps where hundreds of costumed, sweating revellers writhe together on the packed dance floor or carouse in the surrounding private boxes.

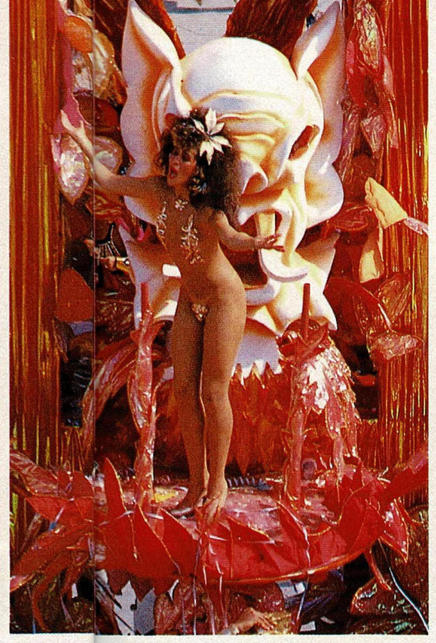
Cachaca, Brazil's rocket-fuel sugar cane spirit, and uncut cocaine are heady stimulants, while local whisky, champagne and beer flow free.

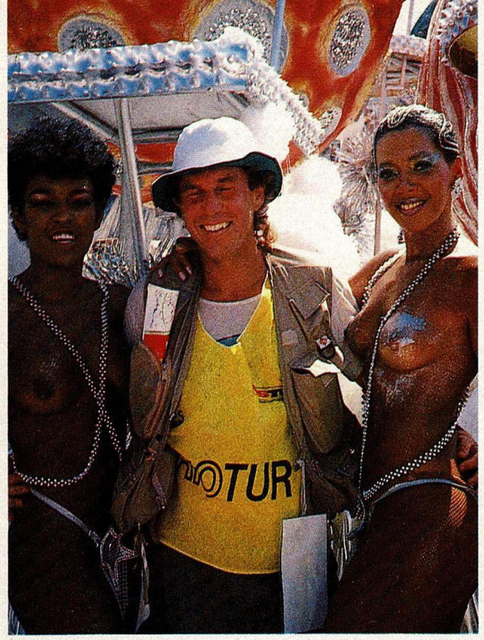
One can usually purchase tickets to most of these balls. They are expensive and to make it worthwhile you need unfailing stamina. Carnival makes great demands on one's resilience; the music and dancing will not stop until the first rays of dawn creep across the sky, and there is the constant feeling the nights will degenerate into wild orgies.

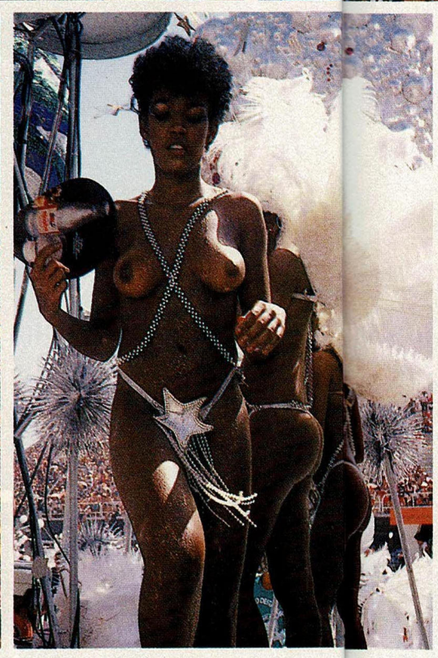
Rio's acclaimed Flamengo soccer club holds its infamous Black And Red Ball on the Thursday before Carnival. "If you are at all prudish," warns the guidebook, "this is the one Carnival event to stay away from." The Black And Red Ball is a no-holds-barred encounter between the sexes. Whereas many of the other balls boast topless women, here the very daring can be bottomless as well. Often they are helped out of their G-strings by active male hands which do not necessarily stop at merely pulling off knickers. The plucked and manicured pudenda so favored by the women of Rio are kissed, fondled and more as the tempo of the night reaches fever pitch. The groping activities of the Black And Red Ball are photographed by the ever-vigilant paparazzi and spawn several sealed and X-rated magazines which appear in the news kiosks within a day or two of the event.

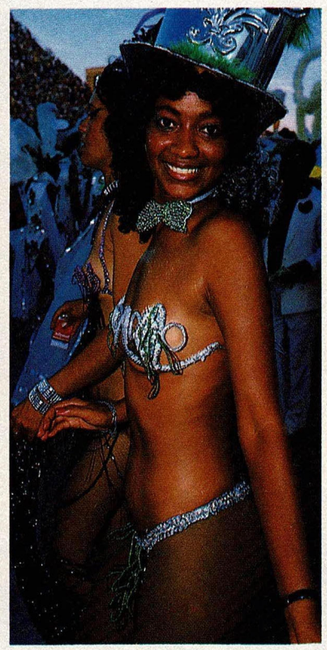












Street parades during Carnival feature beauties clad in the skimpiest of costumes.

Writer/photographer Rennie Ellis (top right) joins in the colorful cavortings.

Of all the Carnival parties the Sugar Loaf Ball (tickets cost up to $100 each) has the most striking *mise en scene.* It is held on one of the peaks of Rio's renowned mountain landmarks and it can only be reached by cablecar. At the terminal I am approached by a near-naked nymphette who implores me to buy her a ticket. Everyone wants to go to the Sugar Loaf Ball. It is the place to be seen and it attracts the glitterati of Rio. Among the women the competition seems to be who can wear the least amount of clothing with the greatest amount of style.

The dancing is loin-stirring and intense, the tempo frenetic, the seething mob totally under the spell of the samba band. Women, glistening with sweat and glitter, climb on to tables and other vantage points, not so much to see, but to be seen. They bump and grind to the rousing music, arms extended to the heavens, tops discarded, eyes glazed, they are blissed out in some private world. Their *bundas* and their breasts are kissed by strangers but their rhythm never falters.

The music and the dancers are still raging as the sun comes up across the Atlantic Ocean. The band has not paused all night and, as you quaff your last bucket of excellent, ice-cold Brazilian beer and crush into the cablecar with a group of exhausted merrymakers for the aerial shuttle back to *terra firma,* the samba drummers are in there with you, still beating their tom-toms.

There are many other balls over the Carnival week, including the City Ball, Champagne Ball, One Night In Baghdad Ball, the very exclusive society night at the Hippopotamus Club and the unforgettable Gala Gay Ball at Help Disco right on Copacabana beach. At the sybaritic Gala Gay Ball, half of Rio seems to be swanning around in drag or the most incredible fantasy costumes. Exhibitionism is rampant and the smell of carnality is in the air. Two or three times I am forced to remove a roving hand from my balls. Some of the most beautiful women are, or were, men and they delight in showing off their hormone-fed breasts and emitting hysterical screams.

One of the most extraordinary performances I witnessed at Carnival was the annual Night Of The Panthers, a beauty quest where the emphasis is on overt sexuality. In a pavilion jam-packed with enthusiastic young Brazilian men, shapely girls parade on a stage before a panel of celebrity judges including Roberta Close, Rio's most famous transsexual, a beautiful "woman" who is immensely popular with the Cariocas.

The girls vying for the Panther Queen title are bronzed and oiled Amazons. Three tiny triangles of leopard-skin fabric are their only pretence to modesty. As each girl's name is called she slinks and snarls her way across the stage like a caged animal, striking the most seductive poses or swinging on ropes to draw roars of approval from a very agitated audience. As with so many uninhibited Brazilian women, the effect is calculated to promote the female as a sex object. It is a kind of theatre that goes hand in hand with Carnival's libertine attitudes.

From the balcony of my eleventh-storey apartment in Copacabana I look across the street into a bedroom where every night I can watch three attractive girls preparing for the balls. This, too, is a performance. For two or more hours they climb in and out of various costumes, preening in front of a large mirror, striving for the ultimate effect. They do clever things with their hair, shave under their arms, check the bikini line for untamed pubes and apply each other's make-up with the dexterity of master designers. I suspect that not only do they know I watch this intimate toilet but they take delight in performing for me and for anyone else whose eyes are drawn to the forever uncurtained window.

From my balcony I can also see Mount Corcobado thrusting into the sky. On its peak and overlooking all Rio is a giant statue of Christ, his arms outspread as if to embrace the city. Or perhaps he is really recoiling in horror from a hedonist's paradise. I did notice that during Carnival the statue was often hidden by low cloud as if the good Lord, in a gesture of capitulation, preferred not to see the indulgences that were acted out below.

HOW TO GET THERE

The dates for 1986 Carnival in Rio are February 8 to 11. Options for travel from Australia include a connection by Qantas to Los Angeles and then a transfer to a Varig Brazilian Airlines flight to Rio, or a trans-Pacific flight by Air New Zealand or Continental Airlines to Los Angeles and a connection the following day on Varig to Rio. The former option means passengers arrive in Rio the day after departure from Australia; the latter alternative involves arrival the second day. Low season fares (January 16 to November 30) are $2308 Sydney-Rio return; high season (December 1 to January 15) is $2552. A further option is available from Aerolineas Argentinas involving a Qantas or Air New Zealand flight to Auckland, then a connection by the Argentinian carrier to Buenos Aires, a side-trip to the magnificent Iguazu Falls, and a further connection to Rio. Fares are the same as for the US route but the actual flying time works out at just 19 hours from Sydney to Rio.

BIG WAVE MADNESS

Hawaii's killer waves are the toughest challenge for surfing's superheroes.

WHEN AN AUSTRALIAN surfer finally makes it through Customs at Honolulu Airport and grabs a rent-a-car for the short, superbly scenic cruise to the far shore of Hawaii's main island, Oahu, he's feeling pretty scared.

It isn't the plane ride freaking the surfer. Nor the rent-a-car. It's the place. Hawaii is surfing's version of Le Mans or the Indy 500 or Chuck Yeager's X-1 rocket plane — an absolutely wrenching, ball-tearing, terrifying, exhilarating flight into that oddly relaxing zone of human achievement where the sane rarely venture; where, in the eye of the storm, you feel as though you can never screw up. And may God help you if you do.

Riding one of the big-wave winter surf spots on Oahu is as close as a surfer can get to *being* God. Australian surfer and former world champion Peter Townend once described the take-off on a big one at legendary Waimea Bay as being like "jumping out of a three-storey building into a bucket of water". The waves build bigger, move faster and break a hell of a lot harder than anywhere else in the world. Tackling the place successfully takes ultra-fitness, excess talent and the kind of calm fanaticism which, when you're falling through

Article by **NICK CARROLL**

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN OGDEN

mid-air down a wave face five times your height, helps you remember when to do your next turn.

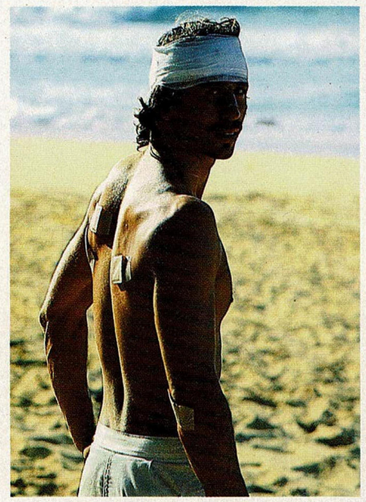
It all sounds a little way-out, but to actually see the waves is to instantly understand the fears of the newcomer to Hawaii's shores. For surfer and layman alike, that surf is one of nature's truly astounding phenomena. Try to picture it — a huge storm, whipped to insanity by warm ocean currents off Japan, moves across the Aleutian chain of islands, around 4000 kilometres north-west of Hawaii. Unbelievable seas are piled high on each other — off the Siberian coast, for instance, waves as high as 35 *metres* have been measured by beleaguered ships' captains. As the seas move away from the storm centre, they turn into deep, smooth ocean swells and head out over the North Pacific basin toward Hawaii, gathering impetus all the time.

If such a swell approached the Australian coast it'd quickly dissipate, broken up by the relative shallows of the continental shelf 30 kilometres out and slowed way down before crumbling on to the cliffs and sandbars. But the Hawaiian Islands don't have any damn shelfs. Those deep ocean swells feel nothing until they begin drawing on the outer reefs of Kauai and Oahu, maybe two kilometres offshore. Then they hit.

It's an awesome display of natural power and ferocity, compounded by the fact that most waves in Hawaii break on to solid lava rock not far off the beaches. When you're standing there watching a wave crashing down, you don't just see it — you feel it as well. It's like a small earthquake.

Oahu is the focus of surfing action. Along its north shore in a compact 30 kilometre strip lie the famous breaks: Makuleia, Haleiwa, Laniakea, Waimea, Pupukea, Ehukai, the Banzai Pipeline and Paumalu Sunset Beach, each with its own special pigeonhole in surfing legend. Sunset, for instance, is the site of most of the winter professional surf tournaments; its deep reefs a kilometre offshore can mean a long and frightening swim to retrieve a lost surfboard. Then there's the Pipeline, so named after the extraordinary tubular shape of the waves which crunch into the shallow, deadly reefs of Banzai Beach. And Waimea Bay, big daddy big-wave spot, featured in dozens of beach-blanket movies, surf music classics and TV ads, where a very few of the surfing elite ride waves of up to nine metres. The whole scene can really alter your perception of surfing as a fun, relaxing pastime.

The north shore is Macho City. Locals call it "Country", which is not surprising. One narrow highway services the strip of ramshackle beach houses, Hawaiian family homes, small farms and, just occasionally, an outlandishly opulent mansion. Wherever you go it's almost always men, young, old or middling, driving huge pickups, old Detroit bombs or hot sports cars. A recent



One man's wipe-out at Pipe, and its aftermath — man meets reef.

newspaper survey had men outnumbering women on the north shore by an amazing 56 to one! And every car has a surfboard. It's one of the few places on earth where just about all the population surfs. Along with the top professionals who hit the north each winter, surfers will move here from California, Australia, Japan, even Europe, giving up all else just to go surfing and maybe work at night at a hotel in "Town" (Waikiki).

They're a bit like pilgrims, following the trail of the many surfing legends who've carved their names into surf folklore worldwide. And there are some classic legends. Buzzy Trent, for one: Californian Buzzy was one of the first surfers to successfully ride Waimea, and one of the bravest big-wave riders ever. The original ironman, he was always the last to leave the water on a big day. Buzzy was tough, but fair. One afternoon in the early '60s he arrived at Waimea after a hard day's work on a Honolulu construction site. The surf was perfect and huge, but Buzzy had forgotten his board. With a half hour of light left he dived into the boiling shorebreak still wearing his concreting boots, swam out to the take-off spot, grabbed the nearest surfboard and punched its shivering, wretched owner off the side, ordering him to the beach, while Buzzy caught his share before dark.

Pretty horrendous stuff. And on the north shore, the scariness doesn't end with the waves. Surfing has been a proud Hawaiian tradition for centuries — in fact, it was Hawaiian Duke Kahanamoku who introduced the sport to Australians in 1912 in Sydney — and the *kama'ainas* (local people) like the *haoles* (white-skinned foreigners) to show a bit of respect in the water. Visitors who act cocky often run foul of the locals and interferences are handled smartly, sometimes violently. It doesn't even have to be your fault, either. Ask 18-year-old Aussie rookie Robbie Page: Page was paddling out to the take-off area at a spot called Rocky Point last year when a big local ran right over the top of him. Page came to the surface and found he'd been cut badly over the kidneys. As he nursed the wound, the local paddled up cursing and punched Robbie in the face, knocking him off his board! Well, he did get in the way.

Even the travelling professionals risk the treatment if they let their egos get a little out of hand. In a notorious incident some years ago, Australian stars Wayne Bartholomew and Ian Cairns came head to head with the Hawaiian establishment after loudly proclaiming that Aussies were the kings of the Hawaiian waves. Bartholomew and Cairns lay awake at night for weeks in the Kuilima tourist compound a few kilometres from Sunset, tennis racquets gripped in their fists, while death threats singed the air. The

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL McCORMACK

local resentment lasted for several seasons.

In fact, although professional surfing got its start in Hawaii around 15 years ago, Hawaiians have never taken to the razzmatazz of pro sport, especially when it concerns the near-sacred act of *he'e nalu* (wave riding). Competitions held on the north shore these days are small on prize-money, big on prestige. For most of the top pros, the reasoning goes like this: you make your money and ratings points elsewhere, in the small surf of Sydney, Japan and California. Hawaii is where you earn the reputation in classic events like the Duke Kahanamoku Invitational, which sports a field of 24 lucky surfers voted in by a select poll, or the Pipeline Masters, which boasts the highest injury rate of any surfing event, or the World Cup, the only Hawaiian event to score on the pro computer rankings.

Another almost superhuman figure is Gerry Lopez. In the early '70s, Lopez rode the Pipeline like it had never been ridden before. A slim, enigmatic Japanese-Hawaiian, he displayed a calm assurance in the hairiest situations. It was a crazy sight — this immense chunk of bulging ocean throwing itself forward on to the reef at Pipeline like a wild beast, while Lopez's utterly casual frame stood there kind of limp as the beast exploded all around him and lesser boardriders headed for the hills. He practically exuded the right stuff. Surf movies and magazines made him a hero to kids worldwide who'd never see Lopez or Pipeline in all their glory.

Surfers will always remember Eddie Aikau. Proud son of a great Hawaiian surfing family, Eddie was the lifeguard at Waimea. He learned more about the Bay than anyone, and held the undisputed crown until he was lost at sea while trying to paddle for help from a canoe capsized between islands in a storm.

Then there's Australian Mark Richards, four-time world pro champion and maybe the greatest surfer ever. Richards led the charge of young Aussies in Hawaii in the mid to late '70s. At the time, Hawaii was where you had to perform if you wanted to make it in surfing. It was the only country on the fledgling professional circuit which really counted in the eyes of the surfing world. Hungry for success, Richards, Wayne Bartholomew, Western Australia's Ian Cairns, Townend and a couple of others took on Hawaiian conditions with supremely Aussie aggression. Richards's first real chance at fame came in the 1975 season when he managed a last-minute entry into

the world pro championships. The next day he found himself paddling out in 10 metre surf at Waimea. "I was scared out of my mind," Mark laughs today. "I'd never even seen surf anything like that before.

"Eddie Aikau was the only guy who wanted to go out. I thought about turning around and going home, but I knew if I did my career in Hawaiian contests was over for ever. I actually ended up catching some waves, which surprised me no end." Mark made the semi-finals and added enormously to his budding reputation. He was 17 years old.

The danger factor in big surf at Waimea and other Hawaiian spots has turned off more than one world-class rider. Each year, many lesser-known surfers break backs, ribs, arms and legs, and carve themselves up on the coral. Very occasionally, someone dies. But the real possibility of serious injury or death acts as a spur to many ambitious youngsters eager to emulate Lopez, Aikau, Richards and the others. After all, legend status doesn't come easy; and it mightn't even be available if the surf wasn't so absolutely fearsome. Modern short surfboards are allowing the current crop of up-and-coming hotshots to take more advantage of the smaller, easier, north shore breaks, but the real kudos is still earned in the big stuff, and there are plenty of wild characters ready to put their lives on the line in the search for glory.

Take Alec Cooke (or Ace Cool, as he prefers to be known), for example. Not too long ago, Ace decided he wanted to be the biggest of the gun big-wave riders. No one took him at all seriously. He broke all the rules of the big-wave fraternity; he was loud-mouthed, pretentious and self-promoting, and some of the Waimea Bay elite found him more than annoying, especially when Ace set up a commercially sponsored attempt at riding a 12 metre wave off Kaena Point on Oahu's north-west tip. Ace organised a helicopter for filming and a Boston Whaler boat to tow him into the wave. He had a specially made four metre surfboard, a tiny oxygen tank strapped to his wrist and a safety harness in case the helicopter got a chance to pick him up. Unfortunately — or perhaps fortunately for Ace — the expected giant swell never arrived, and although he managed to find a couple of seven metre waves off Kaena, Ace has yet to tackle the Big One.

For many surfers, that reputation as a good man in big north shore waves is all they ask. But in recent years it's been a dying trend. For young surfers on the pro circuit, the easier waves and acrobatic riding styles of California and Australia make Hawaii, with its outrageous surf conditions and macho balls-to-the-wall locals, seem anachronistic, and one suspects they breathe a secret sigh of relief at not having to repeat the performances of Richards, Cairns, Bartholomew and crew. It may be that the golden days of surfing in Hawaii and its many legends are over, to be replaced in the surfing lexicon by the equally skilled but less spectacular small-wave brilliance of the '80s.

Still, it's hard to imagine the big-wave cult of the Hawaiian winter disappearing completely. The real diehards, the men who live for the world's most dangerous surf, don't do it just for the glory. Nor do they depend on professional tournaments for a crust. Currently, the elite bunch are quite a mixture: there's Ken Bradshaw, a big powerful Texan who moved to Hawaii 13 years ago after he'd heard about Sunset Beach; Waimea Bay guest-house manager Mark Foo; aspiring State politician James Jones; ex-Vietnam veteran Rodger Erickson and surfboard shaper Owl Chapman. And they don't mind too much if other surfers aren't too keen on trying out the big ones. As Bradshaw says: "Riding these waves isn't for everyone. If you're not 100 percent clear about what you're doing out there, it could lead to very bad consequences. . . for me, it's the greatest and most satisfying thing I could be doing. I'm not looking for photos in magazines — just bigger and bigger waves."

BIG WAVE GIANTS

Nick Carroll names his top 12 killer surf specialists.

GERRY LOPEZ. **Hawaiian; age 35 years. Undisputed King of the Banzai Pipeline. Won the Pipeline Masters tournament three times. Among surfers, perhaps the most famous rider in the world.**

EDDIE AIKAU. **Hawaiian; deceased, 1978. Known for his skill and daring at Waimea Bay, and for thousands of rescues performed in life-and-death surf. An Hawaiian legend.**

IAN CAIRNS. **Australian; age 32 years. The most successful of any Aussie in big, dangerous Hawaiian surf. Won all the major Hawaiian tournaments, most of them twice.**

BARRY KANAIAUPUNI. **Hawaiian; age 36 years. Known as Mr Sunset Beach through the '70s, and regarded by many top surfers as the best ever. Never won a contest; always rode the highest scoring wave of the event.**

MARK RICHARDS. **Australian; age 28 years. A legend in his own time, Richards won four world titles in testing Hawaiian conditions. His knowledge of big surf made the difference time after time.**

SHAUN TOMSON. **South African; age 29 years. Tomson's brilliance in the ultra-tubular waves at Pipeline and Sunset almost overshadowed Lopez. Won the Pipeline Masters at 18.**

WAYNE BARTHOLOMEW. **Australian; age 30 years. "Rabbit" Bartholomew's aggressive big-wave stance caused some friction with the locals when he first visited the islands in the '70s; now, he's one of the most respected of the foreign riders.**

JAMES JONES. **Hawaiian; age 36 years. Took over where Aikau left off at Waimea. Has won the super-prestigious Duke Kahanamoku competition twice. One of only four surfers to survive a 15 metre wave at the Bay.**

MICHAEL HO. **Hawaiian; age 28 years. Ho's small, light frame is no handicap in the big stuff. The most successful Hawaiian competitor, he's won both the World Cup and Pipeline Masters.**

RENO ABELLIRA. **Hawaiian; age 31 years. One of the greats at Waimea, where he won the 1975 world professional championships in giant nine metre waves. As cool as they come in dangerous conditions.**

SIMON ANDERSON. **Australian; age 30 years. Nicknamed surfing's "Gentle Giant", Anderson's power and size come in handy at Sunset and Pipeline when the swells are up. Won at Pipeline in 1981 on his revolutionary three-fin surfboard.**

TOM CARROLL. **Australian; age 24 years. Two-time world champion Carroll won his first major contest in Hawaii in 1982. His smoothly aggressive style fits neatly into big, booming surf.**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEAN-PIERRE BOURGEOIS AND MICHEL MOREAU

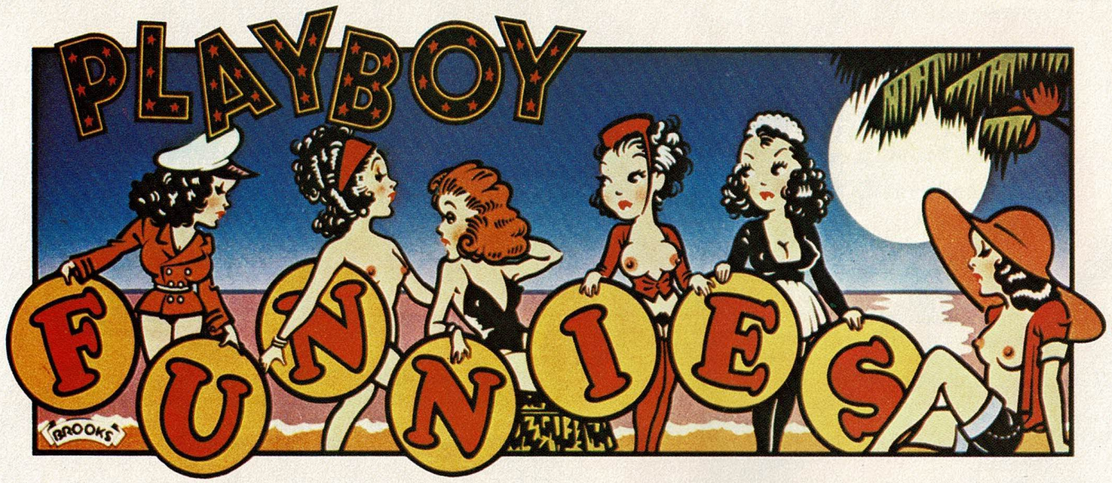
HERE COMES THE SUN

Close friends gather on a deserted beach to celebrate the start of a long, hot summer.

An isolated beach, the first hot days of summer, and close friends find time to enjoy a few blissful hours of solitude together.

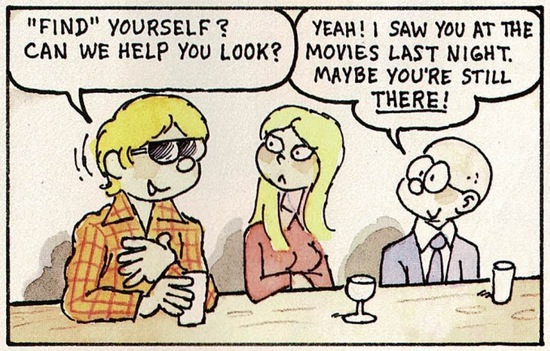
What are Nicole's thoughts as she feels the sand beneath her feet, the cool water caressing her bare skin? Certainly not the cares of the city, the boyfriends left far behind. Now is the time for purely sensuous pleasures, for clearing her mind of everyday thoughts, and allowing herself to relax completely with her most intimate and erotic fantasies.

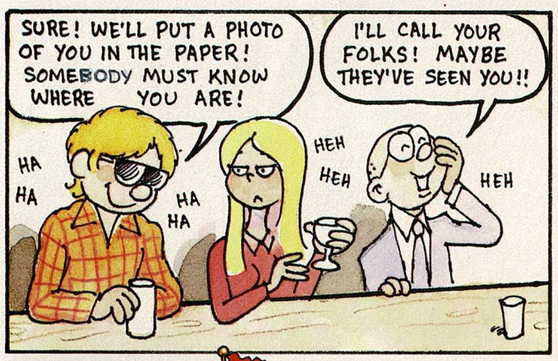
Perhaps she wishes for a fleeting moment that that special person could be with her. But, no, now is the time to simply lie back and let other kinds of indulgence hold sway.

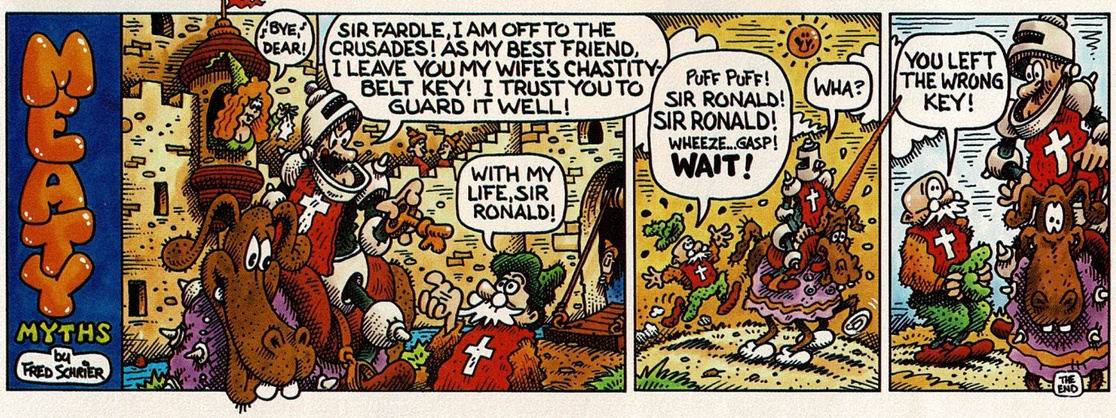


CRUISER

Christopher Browne

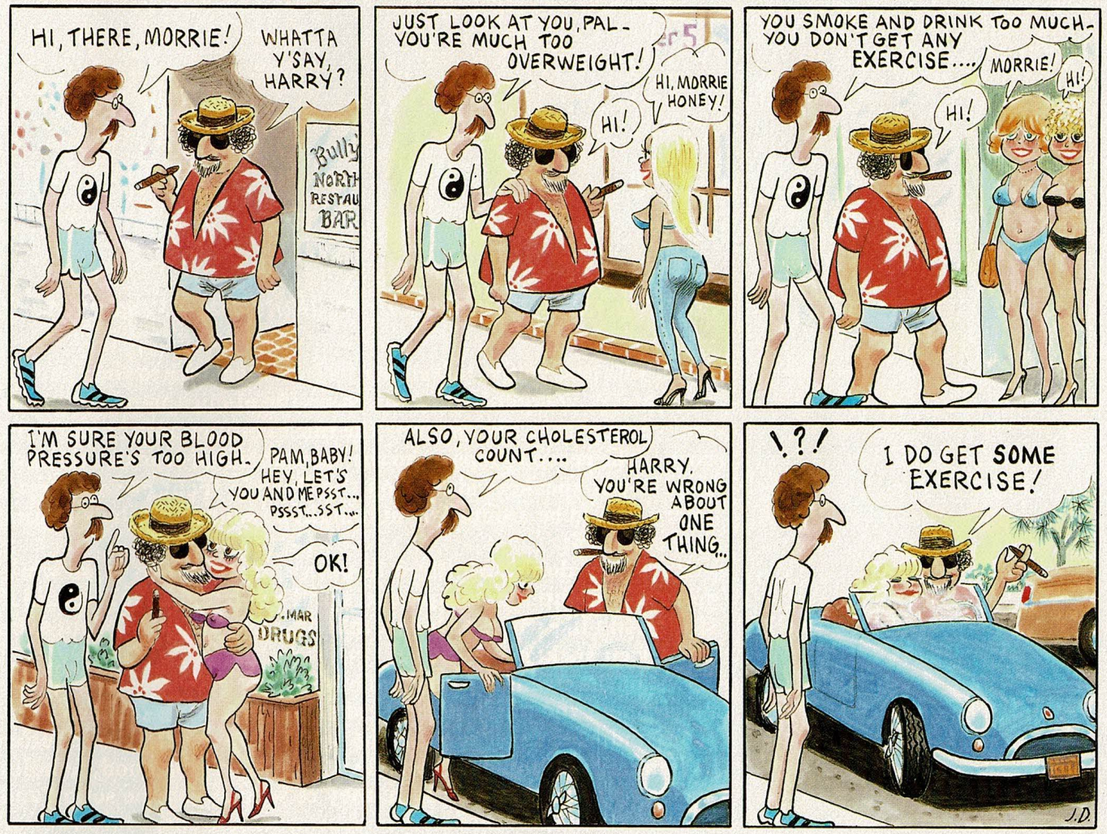



SURE! WE'LL PUT A PHOTO OF YOU IN THE PAPER! SOMEBODY MUST KNOW WHERE YOU ARE!
I'LL CALL YOUR FOLKS! MAYBE THEY'VE SEEN YOU!!
HA HA
HA HA
HEH HEH
HEH


MEATY MYTHS
BY FRED SCHRIER
'BYE, DEAR!
SIR FARDLE, I AM OFF TO THE CRUSADES! AS MY BEST FRIEND, I LEAVE YOU MY WIFE'S CHASTITY BELT KEY! I TRUST YOU TO GUARD IT WELL!
WITH MY LIFE, SIR RONALD!
PUFF PUFF! SIR RONALD! SIR RONALD! WHEEZE...GASP! WAIT!
WHA?
YOU LEFT THE WRONG KEY!
THE END

HOLISTIC HARRY

BY JOHN DEMPSEY



Saturday Nite Jive

BY BILL JOHNSON

NAME THE BUTLER ON "THE ADDAMS FAMILY."
HMMM
LURCH! I GET TO GO AGAIN!
THAT'S RIGHT.
WHAT IS THE TALLEST MOUNTAIN IN THE U.S.?
THAT'S A TOUGHIE.
MT. McKINLEY! ONE MORE AND I WIN!
READY?
HAVE YOU EVER CHEATED ON YOUR WIFE?
YES! I WIN!
I WANT A DIVORCE.
THAT WASN'T THE RIGHT ANSWER, WAS IT?

THE ULTIMATE HI-FI GUIDE

All you need to know on breaking the sound barrier.

PICTURE THIS: you've talked her into coming back to your pad for a nightcap, you get home, switch on the el-cheapo music centre and suggest that the couch is the most comfortable chair in the room. The record plops on to the turntable and crackles through the tin-pot speakers sitting on the floor in front of you. Bryan Ferry should be crooning, but tonight he sounds like he's singing in a snake pit.

Real men don't own three-in-ones and she knows it, so while you're sizing up her equipment, she'll be sizing up yours! And if she doesn't like what she hears, that nightcap might turn out to be a farewell cocktail.

One of the stranger aspects of hi-fi is that while most men know more about the nuts and bolts of sound systems — how to work them and where you connect the speakers — women have better hearing. And although they like a system to look good, females aren't turned on by the flash; they're seduced by the sound and can tell straight away whether your system is short on power or has too much distortion for comfort.

What makes a good hi-fi system? They don't grow on trees, so the first thing you need is cash. You can get a great sound out of the systems put together by major makers and sold by large retailers, but if you want to be the bloke on the block with the ultimate hi-fi equipment, you'll have to search a bit and pay more. Like start at a grand. It's tough, but that's inflation for you.

Next, don't be blinded by flashing lights and chromed front panels. They've got nothing to do with sound. The world's best and most expensive components are no more than black boxes connected to a power lead, so don't get fooled into paying for frills instead of thrills.

There are a few basic ground rules for buying hi-fi systems, and the first is that the absolute minimum power output of the amplifier should be 20 watts RMS per channel continuous into 8 ohms. You have to be pretty careful with that one, because some manufacturers will claim peak values (which are double the RMS value), while others may cheat by claiming output into 6 or even 4 ohms. An amplifier which will comfortably produce 20 watts into 4 ohms will struggle to produce 10 watts into 8 ohms. And what about maximum power? One hundred watts per channel is a pretty desirable output for home systems, but if you throw a lot of parties, or have a larger-than-normal room, the sky's the limit.

Speakers can be large or small because, as in a few other pursuits we can think of, size isn't an indication of quality. Many of the huge speakers you see in shops, usually bearing unlikely (and unknown) names, are known in the trade as "bangers" or

Advice by **GREG BORROWMAN**

EQUIPMENT COURTESY OF LEN WALLIS AUDIO

"boom-boxes". They're thrown together in backyard factories by people whose only interests are how thin they can keep the wood without the cabinets falling apart, how few components are needed, and the current exchange rate between Australia and Taiwan.

If your room is small, you'll be wasting your money by buying a large, three-way loudspeaker system, because such rooms cannot cope with the level of bass produced by the larger bass driver. It's known as the "home-unit" effect, where there's always more bass in the hallway than there is in the unit! Buying more than you need is also a worry, so don't purchase a cassette deck if you don't listen to tapes.

One component everyone seems to get stuck with (except the shops which sell them) is a graphic equaliser. They sell well because they're a gadget-freak's dream come true, yet despite slider controls, pushbuttons and embedded lights, equalisers are almost totally useless in a domestic hi-fi system. Originally designed for professional sound reinforcement purposes, the equaliser's role was to help reduce feedback, that loud squeal which occurs when a microphone gets too close to a loudspeaker, but at home there's no need for one so it's best to forget it.

Another component which has become popular for no apparent reason is the double-mouth cassette deck, which can be used for making copies of cassette tapes. Very few people have any real reason for doing this, so in effect, if you invest in a double-mouth deck, you're paying for something you are not going to use. In terms of quality, a $300 single-mouthed deck will always outperform a $300 double-mouth unit, so the double-mouthed buyer misses out there as well.

For the best sound, you need true hi-fi components. The gear collected here can be used in any type of hi-fi system, regardless of its cost or complexity but items are listed in the company of other components with which they are likely to be found.

Bear in mind that with the value of the Australian dollar jiving all over the place, the prices of the components listed can only be taken as an approximate guide.

PRICE $1500 — $2500

Your first choice is whether you want a turntable or a compact disc (CD) player; these days you can't have both. At this level you'll be getting a basic CD player, without remote control and with only a limited amount of programmability. Contenders include the Yamaha CD-X2 ($549), Marantz CD-54 ($599) and Sanyo CP-667 ($429). The Yamaha and Sanyo both use a single analog to digital converter, sharing it between stereo channels, and are full 16 bit machines. The Marantz is a 14 bit machine, but has two converters, one for each channel.

Four turntables particularly deserve your attention: the Denon DP-30L ($459), Dual CS-515 ($369), Harksound HS-310 ($399) and Micro-Seiki BL-31 ($415). In this group the Denon, which uses a direct drive motor to rotate the platter, is pitted against three belt-drive turntables. In the belt-drive system a motor drives a belt that wraps around the platter. The advantage is that the weight of the platter tends to smooth any rotational inaccuracies brought about by the motor, while the belt damps vibrations and rumble.

Amplification can be provided by either the Kenwood KA-74 ($537) which puts out 70 watts RMS per channel, the NAD 2155 at 55 watts per channel, the Technics SU-V4X at 65 watts, or the Luxman L-235 (63 watts). Apart from a good power output, those amplifiers offer reasonably low ratings, and a good range of facilities.

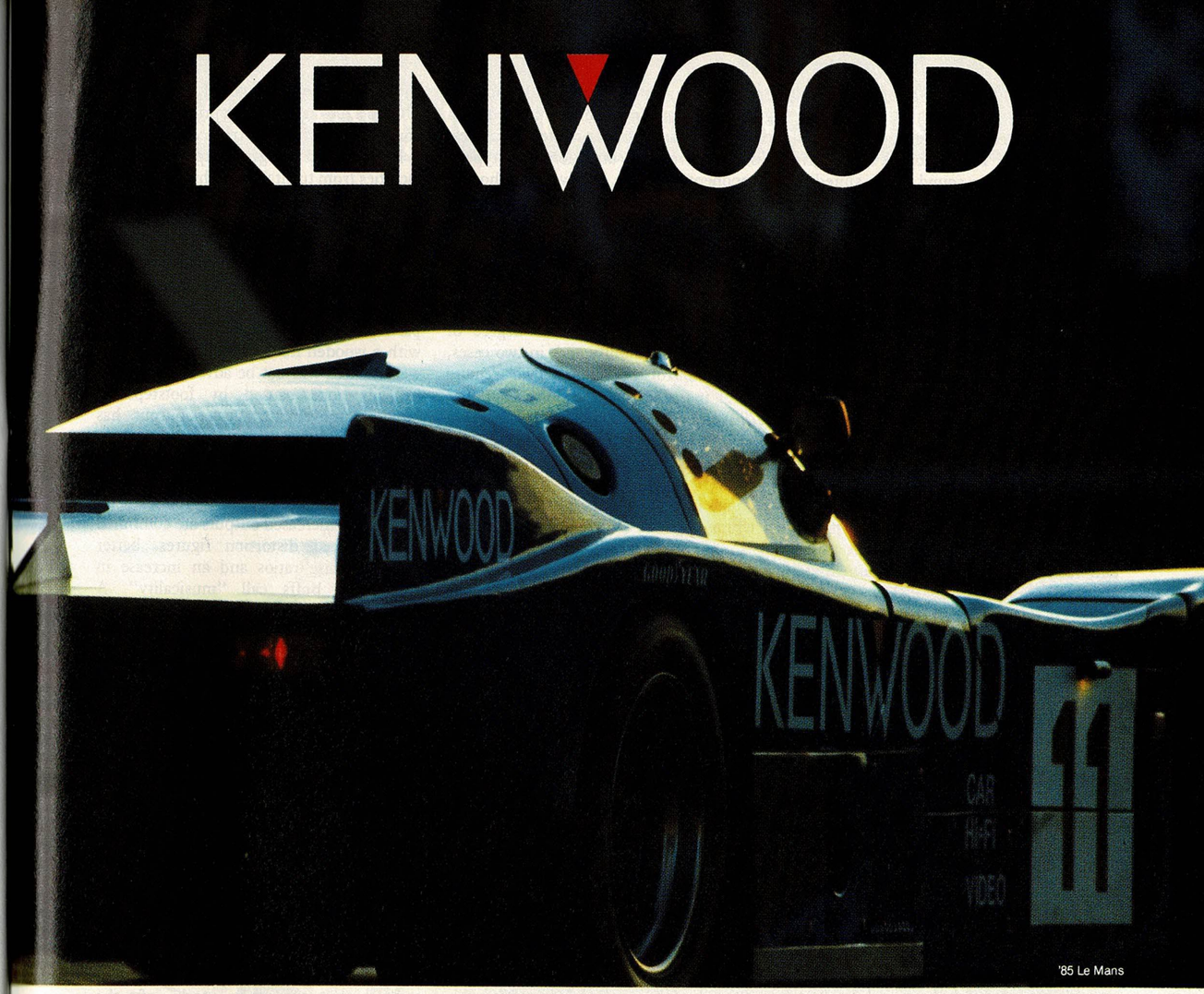
As you'd expect, cassette decks in such a system are of the no-frills variety. The Aiwa ADF-250 ($259), JVC KD-V100 ($299) and Teac V-300 ($219) are three units to consider. The Aiwa is the only one of the trio to offer Dolby C noise reduction, which is an upgraded version of the older Dolby B system fitted to the JVC and Teac. Both chrome and metal tape types are catered for.

Tuners in this area of the market represent excellent value as they generally use circuitry which is similar to higher-priced versions within the respective product ranges. The Yamaha T-300, Sony ST-JX310S, Rotel RT-820B, Pioneer TX-550 and Denon TU-710 are the ones to look out for. Don't expect much in the way of facilities — you won't get station presets, for example — and information about signal strength and quality will be limited.

Choosing speakers will be your most difficult task because so much depends on your budget and your room. If you live in a flat, or have a modest lounge-room, small to medium-size speakers will perform better than giant boxes. For small to medium rooms B&W DM110 ($499), Mordaunt-Short MS-20 ($450), Mission 70Mk2 ($499), Tannoy Titan ($399) and Wharfdale Laser 90B ($399) are the names to look for. Advent 3002 ($629), Heybrook HB-1 ($499), Jamo CBR 804 ($495), Tannoy Mercury ($595), KEF Cantor ($599), and Polk Monitor 5 Junior ($848) suit both small and large rooms. And if you've got a medium to large room to fill, go for Acoustic Research AR58LS ($1399), Boston Acoustics A-15011 ($1199), B&W DM1400 ($1295), Monitor Audio R-352 ($945), Jamo CBR-1704 ($1295), Tannoy Jupiter

"Same as she gave me last year. . . socks, underwear, a screw. . . and everything three sizes too big!"

KENWOOD



'85 Le Mans

Your Road Music-Service Centre

If ever a cassette-tuner deserved a Most Versatile Unit award, it's the KRC-929D.

KRC-929D Profile

•Auto-reverse and full-logic IC-controlled DC motor •Dolby* B & C noise reduction •Metal/chrome tape selector and New Ceramic tape head •Tape Advance music search/repeat •Cassette Stand-by with auto-recall plays a preselected tape when radio signal fades out •Automatic loading & key-off eject •Tuner Call •Quartz PLL FM/MW/LW synthesizer tuner with seek or manual digital tuning •18 memory presets •ANRCIII reduces FM noise and multipath distortion •ABSS presents alternative station when needed •Loudness •Two switchable-sensitivity preamp outputs ready for system expansion •Full illumination •New DIN size chassis •Special anti-theft cover

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TRIO-KENWOOD CORPORATION

Shionogi Shibuya Building, 17-5, 2-chome Shibuya, Shibuya-ku, Tokyo 150, Japan

TRIO-KENWOOD (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD. (INCORPORATED IN N.S.W.)

4E Woodcock Place, Lane Cove, N.S.W. 2066, Australia

($1195) or Mordaunt-Short MS-300 ($1298).

Speakers cater for a wide range of musical and tonal tastes. The Heybrook HB-1s give a softer, smoother sound more suited to classical and jazz than either the JBL L46 or Jamo CBR 804 speakers. As the speakers get more expensive, cabinet size increases and so do the number of drivers per cabinet. There are exceptions: the Tannoy Jupiter, for example, uses a unique co-axial two-way speaker.

Speaker sensitivity also improves as the speakers get larger. Sensitivity is simply a measure of the speaker's ability to convert the electrical energy from the amplifier into sound power. That means the more sensitive speaker will make greater use of the power available from the amplifier, which is nearly the same as an effective increase in amplifier power. As with all things in hi-fi, however, this is not a hard and fast rule, since the Mordaunt-Short Pageant 3 speakers are less efficient than the B&W DM110s.

PRICE: $2500 — $3500

When you're paying this kind of money, you can be sure the equipment you're getting will be a cut above the average. Not only will you have better sound, you'll be getting a greater range of features on each component, and a better range of facilities. You still have to pay attention to the type of components you buy, however, and those of you who want high performance speakers will have to limit yourselves to only one or two source components, say a CD player and a tuner.

The CD players in this category offer improved features, with better track accessing facilities, a greater degree of programming flexibility and, in two cases, remote control operation. Two remote control machines are the Sony CDP-102 ($799) and the Yamaha CD-3 ($749). Two other CD players you could investigate are the NEC CD607 ($699) and the Technics SL-P1 ($719). You can also expect to start finding headphone sockets for private listening.

If you're seeking a conventional turntable, this is an excellent area of the market. Several units stand out, including Harman-Kardon's T-65 ($899), Denon's DP-57L ($735), Micro-Seiki's BL-61 ($659), Rega's Planar 2 ($498), Thoren's TD-320 ($699) and the Systemdek IIX ($399). The Systemdek turntable is odd man out in this group, because it comes without a tonearm, so you'll need an extra $100 to $200 on top of that price by the time you add one with a cartridge.

Don't expect any great improvements in facilities from turntables in this price range. In fact, you'll probably notice reduced facilities. What you're paying for is reduced wow and flutter (that wavery sound evident on low-priced units), lower levels of rumble (background bearing and motor noise) and better room isolation. Room isolation is particularly important if you live in a house with a wooden floor. A turntable which is well isolated will not be adversely affected by vibrations caused by footsteps or building movement. Power output has crept upwards for this category, with three amplifiers being rated at 100 watts RMS per channel. The third, while only being rated at 80 watts, puts out close to 100 watts on test. Those increased outputs are combined with reduced distortion figures, better signal-to-noise ratios and an increase in what hi-fi buffs call "musicality". A musical amplifier effortlessly re-creates music, allowing easier, more relaxed listening. Amplifiers to watch out for: Denon PMA-777 ($819); Harman-Kardon PM660 ($799); Marantz PM64 ($699) and Yamaha A720 ($699).

It's in the area of cassette tapes that the most tangible benefits are realised from this upgrade. All the decks listed include Dolby C, the newest noise reduction circuitry from Dolby Laboratories. The original noise reduction system invented by Dolby is the B system. It's the one found on most cassette decks and reduces hiss by only 10dB. The newer Dolby C circuit reduces hiss by 20dB, which results in superior quality tape recordings. To retain compatibility with both your old tapes and pre-recorded cassettes, each of the recommended machines also includes a "B" circuit.

Models here include the Aiwa ADF-650 ($589), Akai GX-R66 ($489), Harman-Kardon CD-191 ($499), JVC KD-V6 ($499), Nakamichi BX125 ($599), Teac V530X ($479) and Technics RS-B55 ($439). All those decks cope with normal, chrome and metal tapes and a few offer automatic switching. A couple have automatic track searching systems, to allow quick music selection.

FM reception capability is also greatly enhanced. The tuners on this list will pull in more stations, with greater ease, and can discriminate between closely spaced FM stations, though this has yet to become a problem in Australia. Most allow you to store your favorite stations in memory, to allow instant, accurate recall. Signal strength metering and centre-channel indication are further refinements. In some cases, the models mentioned are at the top of each manufacturer's range, which gives you an idea how far we've come. The models? Denon TU-747 ($349), Kenwood Basic TI ($429), Luxman T215L ($299),

"Some day all this will be yours."

Just the thing to take to the weekender.

AB 3827/85 HKN 0065 Foster Nunn Loveder

IMPORTED
HEINEKEN LAGER BEER
Heineken
BREWED IN HOLLAND
Heineken

Fully imported Heineken.

Technics ST-G3 ($379) and Yamaha T-520 ($299).

Start paying bigger bucks and the speakers get larger too, incorporating three-way designs, using three or sometimes five speakers, even two-way designs with six speakers. Look out for these names: Acoustic Research AR98LS ($2195), Bose 601 II ($1899), Boston Acoustics A-400 ($2199), B&W DM 2000 ($1795), Goodmans Graduate ($1798), Heybrook HB-3 ($1499), JBL L-96 ($1988), Mission 770S ($1765), Polk RTA-10B ($1698), Spendor SP-1 ($1598), or Yamaha NS1000M ($2499).

Choosing a VCR in this area is quite straightforward as it's fairly obvious a stereo model with a hi-fi soundtrack would be the ideal addition. Expect to pay between $1000 and $1200 for the following models: AWA AV-400, National NV-850A, Sony SL-HF100AS and Akai VS-15EA.

PRICE $3500 — $5000

Surprisingly, the compact disc player becomes almost one of the most cost-efficient purchases in a system of this quality. The Hitachi DA-600 ($856), JVC XLV-3 ($829), NAD 5255 ($899), Sony CDP-302ES ($949) and Technics SL-P2 ($849) are all full 16 bit machines, offering complete programming options.

To match a turntable into such a system requires a considerably greater outlay. Suitable turntables include the AR ($699), Ariston RD80SL ($599), Heybrook TT2 ($799), Logic Tempo ($695), Micro-Seiki BL-10X ($799), Rega Planar 3 ($675), Revox B795 ($695), and Thorens TD-126 ($995). Depending on where you buy your turntable, a variety of different tonearm/cartridge combinations will be added to those models, with the exception of the Revox, which uses a linear-tracing arm.

The list of amplifiers for this category includes some of the most prestigious, but not necessarily familiar, names in hi-fi. Accuphase, Perreaux and SAE, for example, don't make low-priced audio components. In most cases, power output has risen again, to between 120 and 150 watts per channel. Look for the Accuphase E-204 ($1398), Denon PMA-790 ($1479), Harman-Kardon 870 ($899), Kenwood KA-1100SDB ($1749), Luxman 510 ($1698), Perreaux PMF 1150B ($1545), SAE 3022 ($1595) and Sugden A88 ($1395).

Another leap forward in tuner technology occurs at this level, with the inclusion of pulse count detectors and fresh approaches to tuner circuitry. Models include the Creek CAS3040 ($498), NAD 4155 ($539), Sansui TUD55X ($439), Sony ST-S444ES Mk II ($549), Pioneer F-90 ($539) and Yamaha T-1020 ($499). In spite of the seemingly high prices, those represent excellent value because tuners are not a popular item and the manufacturers accept lower profits.

Cassette technology, on the other hand, doesn't improve dramatically, but instead becomes more refined, with decks offering slightly better frequency responses, lower levels of noise and reduced wow and flutter, but no dramatic performance benefits. Automation is increased. You can choose among the Aiwa ADF 990 ($869), Harman-Kardon CD291 ($579), Kenwood KX-880 ($659), Nakamichi BX-300 ($999), Teac R555 ($539) and Technics RS-B85K ($839).

Choosing speakers becomes extremely difficult because it's at this level that a barrier is reached where many manufacturers turn from producing speakers solely for domestic use and start catering for the semi-professional and professional markets. Check out these names: Acoustic Research AR9 ($3695), Bose 901 Series V ($2799), B&W 802 FS ($3100), Electro-Voice Interface C/II ($2975), JBL L112 ($2728), KEF 104.2 ($2599) and Tannoy Chertsey ($2315).

Video cassette recorders show an increase in overall facilities over models listed in the $2500—$3500 category, but the choice is surprisingly limited. Look at the Hitachi VT-88E, JVC HR-d725EA, Blaupunkt RTV-424, Philips VR-6940, Sharp VCC-488X, Nordemende V502 and NEC N895EA; prices range from $1300 to $1700.

PRICE: $5000 AND BEYOND

Well this is it: the ultimate, the best that money can buy, where a pre-amplifier can cost more than the average family car and a

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FS4

Alfa 33 Ti. Performance Plus.

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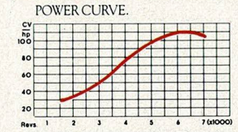
Today, after 75 illustrious years, this commitment has culminated in the Alfa 33 Ti.

The performance-plus Alfa 33 Ti is powered by a state-of-the-art 105 bhp twin carb boxer engine, an engine which is not only breathtakingly responsive but unhesitatingly smooth and efficient. The Alfa 33 Ti will take you from the kerb to the legal speed limit in a lightning flash. It is passionate. Not temperamental. So you can depend on it day in and day out for years to come.

Standard sports inclusions include special telescopic-hydraulic shock absorbers, hand stitched leather clad steering wheel, oil pressure and voltage gauges, special front rally seats and 'Speedline' alloy wheels with P6 low profile radials.

And added to Alfa's legendary performance features are luxury inclusions necessary for total motoring pleasure in the '80s: adjustable steering wheel and instrument binnacle, central locking system, electric front windows and, of course, an AM/FM stereo cassette.

POWER CURVE.



MAX. POWER 105 HP (DIN) @ 6000 RPM

And as tangible evidence of Alfa Romeo's commitment to building not only the most exciting cars in the world, but also the most reliable, the Alfa 33 Ti is covered by Alfa Plus, a full 12-month unlimited kilometre warranty and 6-year anti-corrosion protection. See your Alfa Romeo dealer today and test drive the performance plus Alfa 33 Ti. Test yourself against this true driver's car.

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LHV/AR 729

turntable can set you back more than a first-class trip around the world. For the same price as the most expensive combination listed you could hire a chamber orchestra to play in your house every week for the next four years, with enough change left over to hire the Sydney Symphony Orchestra for the occasional birthday celebration.

Turntable choices range from the humble Linn Sondek LP-12 (the staple choice of audiophiles for years), at $1798, to the Goldmund Reference, at a mere $18,000. In between, the gamut includes the Michell Gyro-dek ($2700), Micro-Seiki SX-111FV ($3599), Kenwood LO-D7 ($3750), SOTA Star Sapphire ($3500) and Goldmunde Studioetto ($2400). Of course for those prices you don't get a tonearm, cartridge or the special transformer required to amplify the output to a level great enough to drive the pre-amplifier. No use economising here, so lash out and get a Syrinx LE1 tonearm (cheap at $3458).

Compact disc players become the poor relations to other system components, with the most expensive version available in Australia, the Nakamichi OMS-7, costing only $2600.

Amplification is a completely different ball-game. Instead of using an integrated amplifier, separate pre-amplifiers and power amplifiers provide the necessary muscle. We've based the system on a single, stereo power amplifier but, in reality, up to six stereo amplifiers could be used in a single system, by using each one for each separate section of the loudspeaker system.

Power amplifiers in this range can cost anywhere upward of $3000, with familiar names such as Luxman and Marantz among choices that stretch as far as $16,300 for a Harman-Kardon Citation XX. Of course you'll need a companion pre-amplifier and, hell, why not lash out with a Krell KRS-1 for only $14,500. There are only four tuners which would command your attention at this point: the Accuphase T105 ($1490), Kenwood LO-2T ($2625), Yamaha T-2 ($999) and Sansui TUD99AMX ($749). If you want to hear AM in stereo, the Sansui is the sole choice as the others are either FM-only or have just a mono AM section.

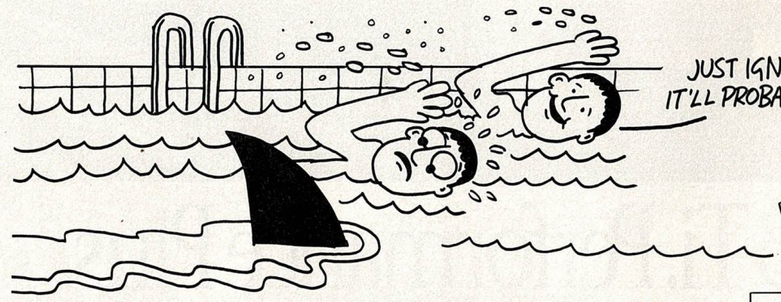
The subject of tape recording is contentious. If you need a cassette deck, the obvious selection is a Nakamichi Dragon ($2590), followed by a Tandberg TCD-910 ($2300) or Teac Z7000 ($2399). The really keen audiophile would probably order a Nakamichi Limited Edition 1000ZXL (Gold) direct from Japan. Be prepared for arguments with fans of open-reel or digital recorders about claims of being the ultimate in sound quality.

The two top names in domestic open reel technology are Revox, the consumer arm of Studer, and Teac, which markets its professional products under the Tascam brand name. Teac's top-line model is the X-2000R, a bargain at $1800. To get full professional quality, dedicated tape enthusiasts head for the Studer B67 ($7650), the Tascam 35-2B ($2460) or the Ampex ATR-700 ($2800). Those recorders all offer only two tracks; if you're thinking of going into the studio business, a good choice is Studer's A800 24 track machine (a steal at $54,000!)

In systems of this quality, speakers often come in groups of three or four instead of in pairs. Many audiophiles "stack" identical pairs of speakers for better sound and higher power handling capacities.

Speaker systems you might like to include are the Acoustat 6 ($9375), B&W 801F ($3600), Apogee Duetta ($8500), Apogee Scintilla ($12,500), Dynaudio Consequence ($13,800), Electro-Voice Interface D/II ($3999), JBL L300 ($5998), KEF 105.2 ($3499). Magnat Transpuls ($5500), Stax ELSF8S ($12,950), Stax ELSF81 ($6150), and Tannoy Albury ($3499).

As they say in the classics, it's not the size of your wallet that counts, but what you do with it. The same goes with putting together a great hi-fi system. If you're going to spend a lifetime in the poorhouse just to get the best sounds for seduction, you'd better get the rock'n'roll right too. It's an old trick but it always seems to have worked. The greatest sound buff of them all, one Willy Shakespeare, got it right when he said: "If music be the food of love, play on."



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DIPLOMAT *(continued from page 50)*

There's probably not a career diplomat anywhere who'd deny that his is a dying breed.

official visitors from the ambassador's own country. In the case of an Australian ambassador in a comfortable place, those visits are the bane of his existence.

Australia's most important embassy is in Washington; the pattern of the life of the ambassador there is the crowning example of what really goes on. When parliament in Canberra is not sitting, a minister turns up on an average of once every three weeks. For each visit, the drill for the ambassador and staff is the same. The visit having been accepted and a date agreed, a program of talks that's full enough to convince the Australian media that the visit's worth the expense has to be arranged. That task is not so easy, because American VIPs don't like to waste their time and ask awkward questions such as "Just what does your man want to talk about?"

Once the program of talks is negotiated, there is the social side to be worked out. One has to see that the Americans do the right thing. Then a formal dinner is compulsory. The guest list is invariably a hardship for the ambassador because the minister expects to be surrounded by relevant, top-level Americans who all need a dinner at the Australian Embassy like a hole in the head. When the preliminaries are concluded, the whole program is put into a little booklet and published.

All the problems associated with an official visit are magnified when the person in question is the prime minister. Such visits have become preposterous. When Robert Menzies was prime minister, he travelled abroad with a staff of two or three, and *no* media representatives. Some 50 people accompany a prime minister now and the whole party resembles a travelling circus.

With such a mob in town, something always goes wrong. Whatever the result, the ambassador is always responsible. So, whenever Malcolm Fraser descended on Washington when I was there, I left just after he did — to recover! I hear nothing's changed.

The social side of an ambassador's life can be a special burden. Some thrive on it but in most cases this means that they're good for little else. Such ambassadors forget that while socialising may offset the frustrations of their existence, the amount of diplomatic business done at parties is insignificant. They also forget that while being liked by socially important locals is gratifying, it is national interests which determine relations between countries.

I learned very early in my career the uselessness of the reception or large cocktail party. I attended as few of them as possible, and when I was ambassador in Paris, I gave up attending them completely. On one evening I had to see the Chinese ambassador. As his staff had told me he'd gone off to a reception at the British Embassy, I spent an hour getting there through the horrendous Paris traffic only to find, on arrival, that my Chinese colleague had been and gone.

The task of the modern ambassador calls for qualities which are not unique to the professional diplomat. The characteristics of the advertiser or salesperson are seldom found in Australian professionals, whose political masters reckon that public servants should be seen but seldom heard by the public.

On the other hand, the professional diplomat has qualities which are scarce elsewhere. One such quality is the capacity, based on training and experience, to properly observe and assess developments on the international scene. Another is the capacity to live in and enjoy alien environments. Linguistic ability is another. And a final quality is inside knowledge of how governments operate and how to achieve one's purposes with the government. Those are qualities which an outsider would find it difficult to acquire quickly. So it is essential, if a country sends a non-professional ambassador, he or she should be backed up by good professional staff.

Unfortunately, professional staff harbor some resentment against the appointment. When such people joined the foreign service, each of them aspired to reach the level of ambassador, so every non-career appointment of an ambassador limits the professionals' promotion prospects to positions for which they alone have been trained and have worked.

Any decent non-career appointee should probably make a peace plan with his staff his first diplomatic action, though it's not often done. This is not surprising, for diplomacy is the sole profession which many think they can pick up promptly without training or experience. Australia's politicians are notorious for that belief. It seems that only the French really know the score: since the time of de Gaulle, every French foreign minister has been a professional diplomat and it is extraordinary for a French ambassador to come from outside the career service.

It is very doubtful that the choice by President Reagan of a successful publisher-supporter to be the next American ambassador in Canberra means anything at all in terms of how the US rates Australia. Apart from the appointment being par for the course, we are by no means as important to the US as the US is to us. But there's a degree of logic in the American practice of foisting politicians' friends upon Australia as ambassadors, while the Australians send top-level professional diplomats to Washington, because Australia's practice, in fact, enables the Americans to do their really important business with Australia on their own turf.

Besides, of all the allies of the US, Australia, over most of the years since 1950, has been the most compliant. It is rather telling that the rare occasions on which the US has had a career ambassador in Canberra have been in years when Australia was not so compliant. Those years were when Dr H.V. Evatt pursued a policy in the late '40s of asserting some degree of independence of the US while remaining within the Western Alliance, and when Gough Whitlam later resumed the stance. In the days of the latter, the US was so disturbed that, for the only time since 1941, it sent to Canberra a really first-class professional, Marshall Green. With the Hawke Government, Reagan clearly has no cause for such concern.

Should the new appointment cause any anxiety at all in Canberra (which is most unlikely), Hawke can always telephone his mate, Schultz. The US will no doubt fall back upon an argument often employed in the past — the President esteems Australia so much that he would not dream of dispatching anyone but a trusted friend to Canberra and that buddy will have the authority to contact the President personally, should the need arise. The argument is, of course, specious. If the ambassador *did* see occasion to use his privileged access and *was* able to get through to the White House, the President would merely relay what the man in Canberra had to say down the line for advice.

Australians have to accept that while we remain so closely aligned to the US we can expect American ambassadors who have earned rewards from the President and his party. We also have to accept that, in American terms, the reward is no big deal. Australia is seen in Washington as a very comfortable country to pass a few years and one with the additional advantage of friendly natives.

For the US, there are few such places left in the world. As well, the work here for an American ambassador doesn't demand either great diplomatic ability or effort. The seemingly throw-away postings of car salesmen and magazine publishers might offend our national pride, but in American terms we're getting exactly what we deserve.

You ask just who is pulling the world's diplomatic punches these days, home-based powerbrokers or far-flung foreign service staff? There's probably not a career ambassador anywhere who'd deny that his is a dying breed.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL LEGGE

ABOUT FACE

Beautiful Ann Mellor is making up for lost time.

Beautiful Ann Mellor is a free-lance make-up artist who has worked on various films and TV programs seen across Australia. "I like the film work the best," she says. "It's a real buzz going on location and meeting all the stars. Everyone gets totally involved during the course of the shooting. It's like we're all in it together, part of a team, and I love that feeling of togetherness.

"It feels really funny," explains Ann, "to be in front of the cameras. I'm usually the one who's making other women look perfect for filming. A lot of people have told me I should take up modelling or acting but I've been too nervous." It's obvious that Ann overcame her fears for her PLAYBOY pictorial shoot. She settled into the routine like a real trouper. Watch out, talent scouts and film directors. This is one young lady who's making up for lost time!

NATION *(continued from page 42)*

The ACT is the only mainland state or territory where there are more females than males aged 20 to 29.

on any given day of the year is Brisbane. On average, there are only nine days per year when the *effective* afternoon temperature in Brisbane is greater than 27 or less than 15. Hobart, with 239 uncomfortable days per year, is as uncomfortable as you can be in an Australian capital city. If you believe that it's not the heat but the humidity that really can get you, stay away from Darwin where the average January humidity is 82 percent. Adelaide is the driest big city: its average January humidity is only 49 percent.

One of the joys of living in Australia is going to the beach and getting a good tan. If you prefer privacy, Western Australia has by far the longest coastline; the ACT manages only a few kilometres of inland waterfront. If you want a tan in winter as well as summer, you are mostly likely to get it in the Northern Territory where the sun shines practically all day. There is very little chance of a winter sunburn in Victoria or Tasmania where the winter sun is rarely seen. *(see Climate & Geography)*

A state's lifestyle involves not only money or climate but standards of behavior. Behavioral indicators, however, may be ambiguous. Canberra's high divorce rate (there is almost one divorce for every marriage) may indicate the breakdown of the family or simply an honest understanding that modern marriage can be very difficult. Similarly, the high ratio of police to citizens in the Northern Territory may mean that crime is rampant or that the citizens are well-protected. A 1983 crime victims survey suggests that the former explanation is more likely. The Northern Territory reports the highest percentage of household property theft in the nation. Believe it or not, NSW reported the lowest. On the other hand, car theft was reported more frequently in NSW than elsewhere.

Increased population often means more enterprise and greater affluence. Thus, an easy way to judge which state is best is to see where people are going. For most, Queensland is the preferred destination while NSW and Victoria seem to be emptying at an alarming rate. However, when we look at relative population increase from all sources, it is clear the Northern Territory and the ACT are the most rapidly growing areas in the country. South Australia, on the other hand, appears to be standing still.

Of course, the quality of the population is at least as important as the quantity. If we agree that more education is better than less, the ACT leads the way with the highest proportion of both secondary and university students in the nation. Queensland has the lowest secondary education retention rate and Western Australia has the lowest proportion of its population attending university. The ACT is also the best place on the mainland to get a date for Saturday night as it is the only state or territory where there are more females aged 20 to 29 than men.

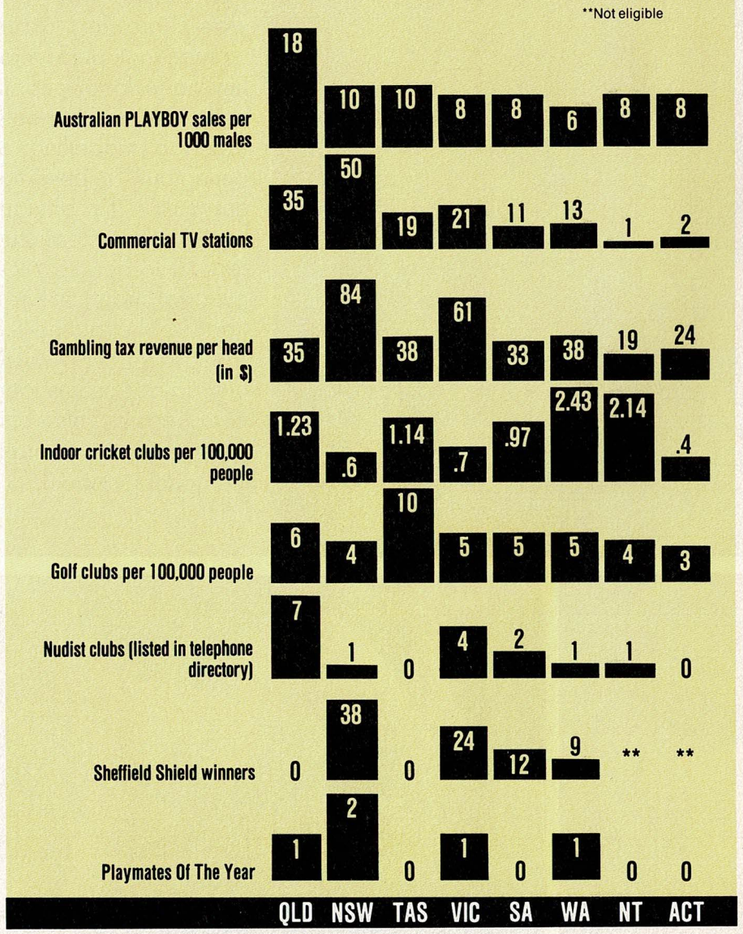
When it comes to sports and culture, the states really begin to show their differences. Despite its weather, Tasmania has 10 golf clubs for every 100,000 people, double most other states and more than three times the number in the ACT. It also has the highest proportion of yacht clubs. Interestingly, Western Australia and the Northern Territory, with their warm climates, have the highest proportion of indoor cricket clubs. Someday, these facilities may be translated into sports achievements, but it will take many years to wipe out NSW's lead in the Sheffield Shield.

Queensland has more nudist clubs and a greater percentage of Australian PLAYBOY readers than other states do, but it has not produced the largest number of Playmates Of The Year. The latter honor belongs to NSW. NSW also has the largest number of commercial television stations and the highest rolling gamblers. *(see Sport & Culture)*

Nothing has a greater effect on perceived quality of life than one's physical and mental health. If mental health deteriorates completely, many people take suicide as a way out. This appears to be particularly true in Tasmania, whose citizens kill themselves at a rate almost twice that of the Northern Territory.

Furthermore Tasmania is the state with the greatest rate of cancer deaths. This high incidence of mortality is not caused by a lack of hospital beds because Tasmania is second only to Queensland in this regard, nor are the deaths due to an over-fondness for strong drink or tobacco. Tasmanians are among the lowest spenders on alcohol and

SPORTS AND CULTURE


**Not eligible
Australian PLAYBOY sales per 1000 males
18 10 10 8 8 6 8 8
Commercial TV stations
35 50 19 21 11 13 1 2
Gambling tax revenue per head (in $)
35 84 38 61 33 38 19 24
Indoor cricket clubs per 100,000 people
1.23 .6 1.14 .7 .97 2.43 2.14 .4
Golf clubs per 100,000 people
6 4 10 5 5 5 4 3
Nudist clubs (listed in telephone directory)
7 1 0 4 2 1 1 0
Sheffield Shield winners
0 38 0 24 12 9 ** **
Playmates Of The Year
1 2 0 1 0 1 0 0
QLD NSW TAS VIC SA WA NT ACT

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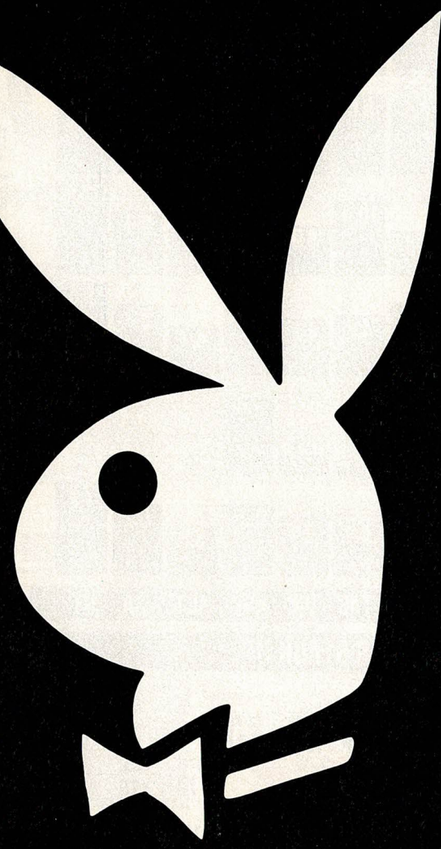

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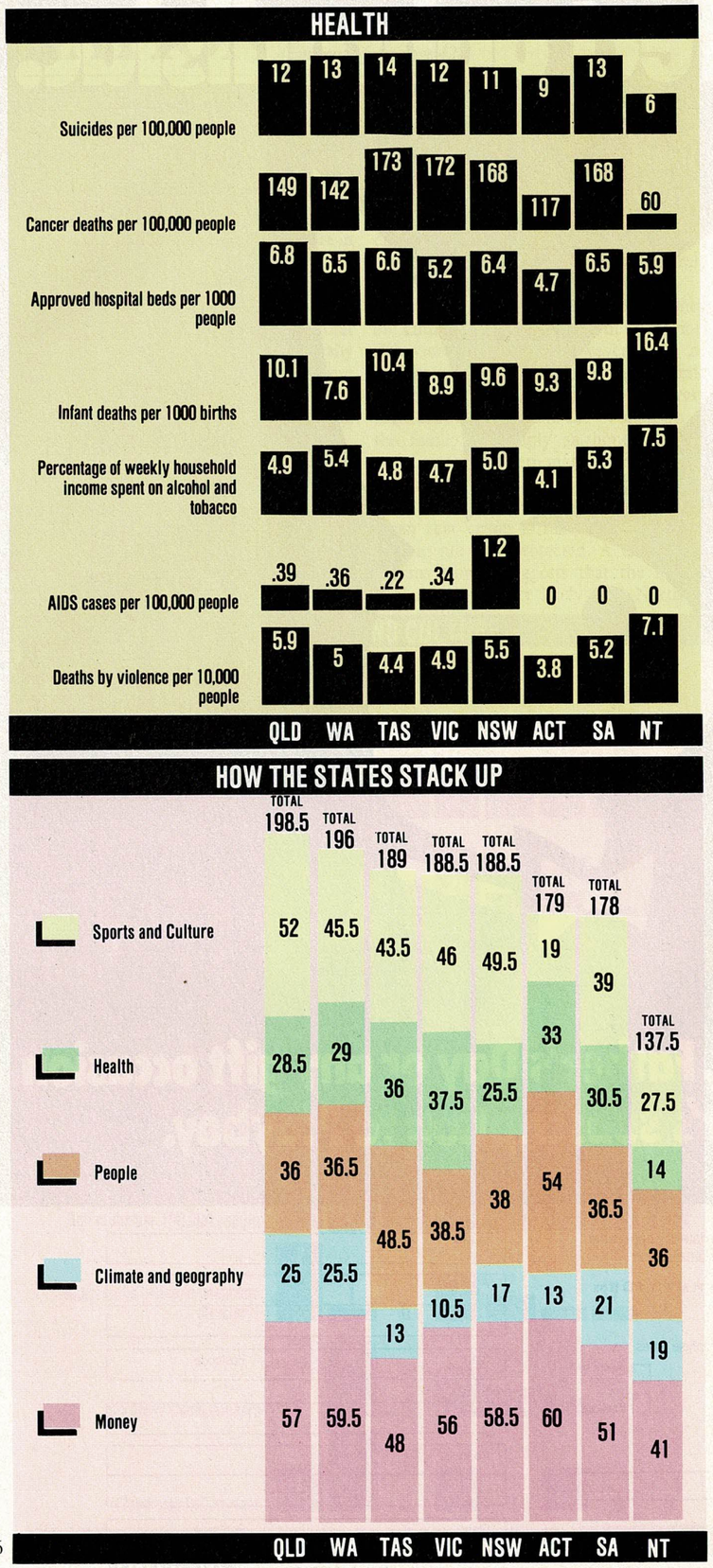

HEALTH
Suicides per 100,000 people
12 13 14 12 11 9 13 6
Cancer deaths per 100,000 people
149 142 173 172 168 117 168 60
Approved hospital beds per 1000 people
6.8 6.5 6.6 5.2 6.4 4.7 6.5 5.9
Infant deaths per 1000 births
10.1 7.6 10.4 8.9 9.6 9.3 9.8 16.4
Percentage of weekly household income spent on alcohol and tobacco
4.9 5.4 4.8 4.7 5.0 4.1 5.3 7.5
AIDS cases per 100,000 people
.39 .36 .22 .34 1.2 0 0 0
Deaths by violence per 10,000 people
5.9 5 4.4 4.9 5.5 3.8 5.2 7.1
QLD WA TAS VIC NSW ACT SA NT
HOW THE STATES STACK UP
Sports and Culture
Health
People
Climate and geography
Money
TOTAL 198.5: 52 28.5 36 25 57
TOTAL 196: 45.5 29 36.5 25.5 59.5
TOTAL 189: 43.5 36 48.5 13 48
TOTAL 188.5: 46 37.5 38.5 10.5 56
TOTAL 188.5: 49.5 25.5 38 17 58.5
TOTAL 179: 19 33 54 13 60
TOTAL 178: 39 30.5 36.5 21 51
TOTAL 137.5: 27.5 14 36 19 41
QLD WA TAS VIC NSW ACT SA NT

tobacco in the country (inhabitants of the Northern Territory are the highest). Tasmanians do have a higher than average infant mortality rate but nowhere near the scandalous figure for the Northern Territory. The Northern Territory is the place where you are most likely to die by violence but NSW carries the distinction of having the highest incidence of AIDS cases. *(see Health)*

Such is the record. To determine what the figures show, each state was allocated points based on its standing for each factor. The best state was given eight points, the next best seven and so on down to the worst state which was given a one. Consider, for example, trading bank deposits per head of population. The best state on this factor, NSW, received eight points; Victoria, the next best, received seven. The worst state on this factor, Tasmania, received one point. In those cases where states were tied, both received identical points. When data were unavailable, estimated points based on the average of the other states were awarded. The results of this procedure are depicted in the form of a bar graph. Each state's score on the five components (money, climate and geography, health, and sports and culture are indicated and summed to give a total score. *(see How The States Stack Up)*

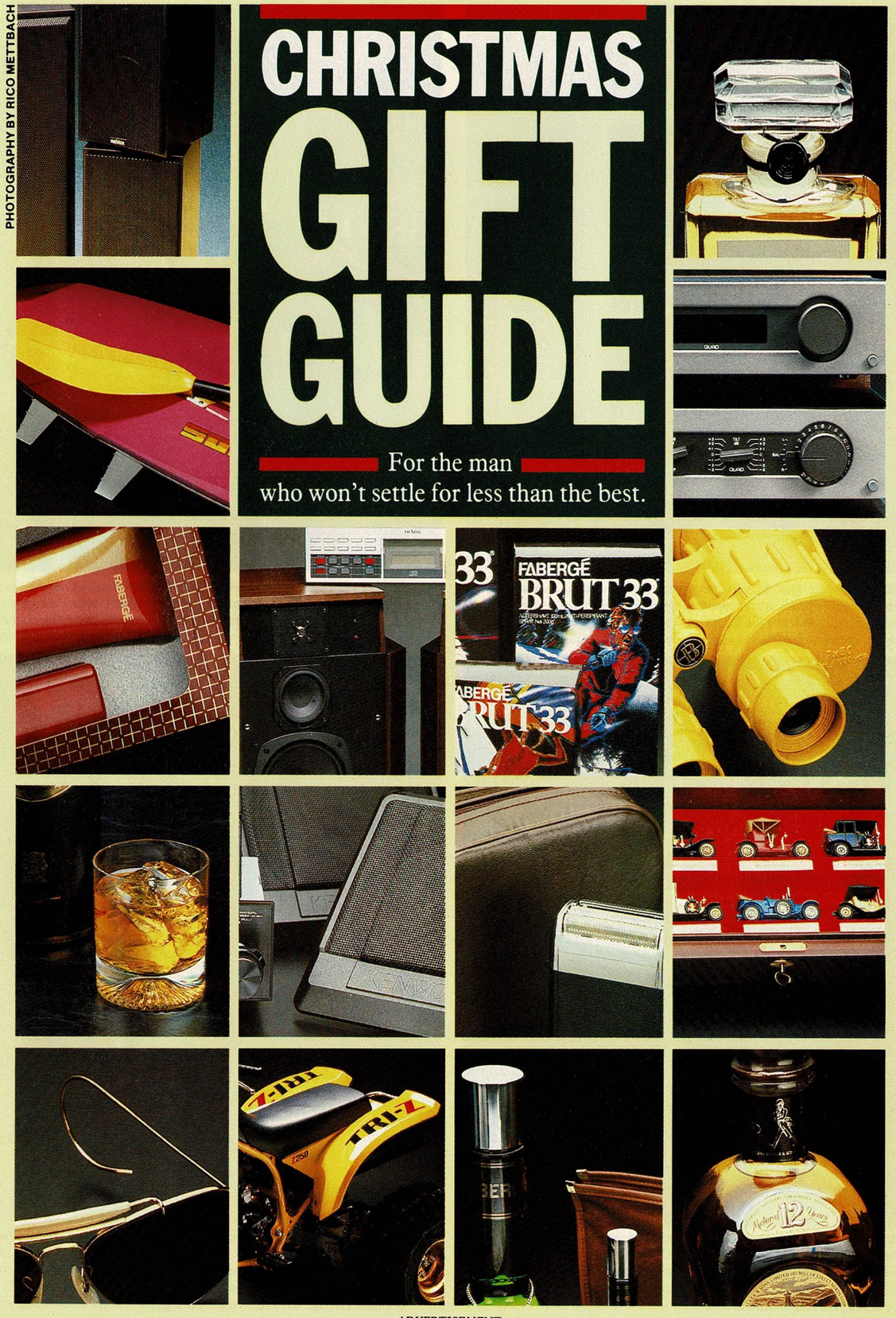
The state with the highest overall score is Queensland, followed closely by Western Australia. Queensland achieved that position by scoring respectably in most categories while actually scoring highest in only one. Of course, not all categories may be of equal value to you. If money and people are more important to you than climate and sports, you should move to the ACT, which leads in these categories. If you're particularly concerned with your health, Victoria should be your destination. Even the Northern Territory, which scores lowest in three out of the five categories, may be just the place for adventurers wanting to grow with a new region.

In the end all our data are a bunch of statistics that can only point to the lifestyle in each of the states and territories. Graphs and charts can't tell you everything about real life beyond state borderlines.

You'll have to find out the best and worst bits for yourself: such as if you want to demonstrate in the streets, don't go to Queensland or you'll probably end up in jail; if you're an Aborigine don't go to the Northern Territory or you'll also probably end up in jail; and if you're a yachtie forget Western Australia, there's no room left in the Indian Ocean anyway. Oh, one more: if you're a member of the Painters and Dockers union, keep the hell out of Victoria.

Such hidden statistics could, on the other hand, have you packing your bags and taking the next boat to the Antarctic. We hear the weather down there is just great this time of the year!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICO METTBACH



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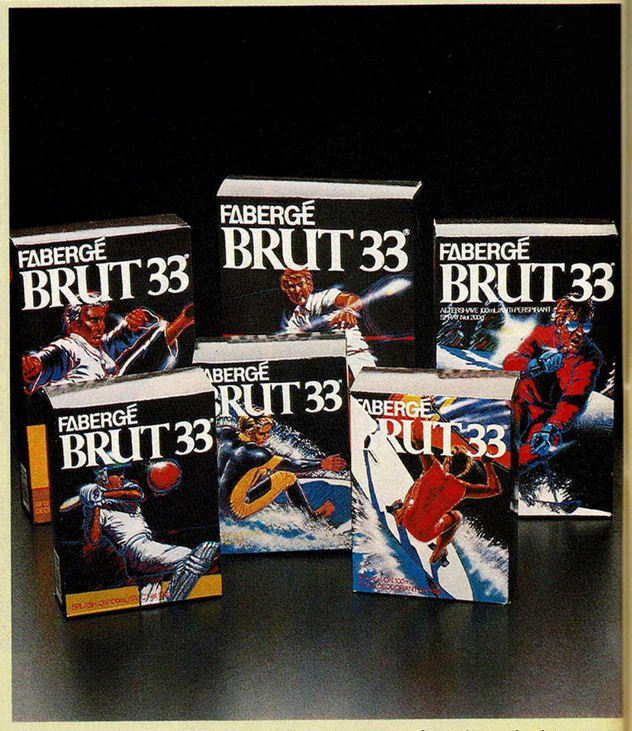

Attractively packaged and containing a line-up of splash-on, deodorant, talc, aftershave and other combinations, Brut 33 gift sets are designed with the active sportsman in mind. Prices range from $8.98 to $12.98 and the packages display scenes of tennis, skiing, karate and other pursuits.

In today's fast-paced world there are very few Scotch whiskies produced to the demands of Scottish tradition. One of the rare exceptions is Glenfiddich Pure Malt, a 100 percent pure malt whisky regarded by many as the finest single malt the Highlands has to offer. Glenfiddich — the essence of the pure malt tradition.

The Piccolo loudspeaker system by Revox provides perfect full-fidelity music reproduction. Finely detailed brilliance in the highs, clear definition in the mid-range, full body and precise contour in the bass, and a response that brings a new revelation to music listening. Revox products are available through selected retailers throughout Australia.

Remington's Microscreen rechargeable shaver comes with a built-in charger, indicator light and travel wallet. A perfect Christmas gift combining state-of-the-art technology with the quality and fine reputation of the Remington name.

Relive the golden age of motoring with six exquisite, limited-release models of yesteryear. Available from Matchbox Toys, PO Box 293, Gladesville, NSW 2111. The models are beautifully presented in individually numbered French beechwood display cases and priced at $145.

Bushnell binoculars are ideal for the marine enthusiast. The binoculars are fog-proof and water-proof, are computer-designed and feature balanced optics for excellent light transmission and improved contrast for high performance under any conditions. These compact, lightweight binoculars are priced at $351.

Quad products are designed and manufactured by a specialist team in Cambridgeshire, England. Each Quad product incorporates the benefits of some 50 years of experience in the design and manufacture of sound reproduction equipment. Pictured are a power amplifier, pre-amplifier and tuner from Quad. These quality products are available nationally.

Faberge presents two exciting new gift sets featuring Partage fragrance for men. Each set contains a 30ml aftershave lotion spray with either a 150ml conditioning shampoo or a 150g close shave formula. Packaged in stylish burgundy and gold, the sets retail for $16.95.

This Christmas give the authentic, soft, mellow and smoky flavor of the Scottish Highlands. Johnnie Walker Cardhu Malt Liqueur is distilled from a centuries-old recipe and then matured for 12 years in oak casks. This outstanding malt whisky is the ideal gift for the connoisseur.

Trio Kenwood is the ultimate in car sound. For only $549 from Precision Installations, your car can be given a boost with this special package including cassette receiver, door/rear deck mount speakers and graphic equaliser/amplifier. Precision Installations is located at 996 King Georges Road, Blakehurst, NSW 2221.

Faberge's Brut executive wetpack contains a 100ml aftershave lotion and 200g Soap On A Rope. This sophisticated, corduroy wetpack sells for $19.99 at selected pharmacies and department stores. Combine this travel duo with a giant-sized 770ml bottle of Brut's original "fifth" ($59.95) for a great-smelling Christmas season.

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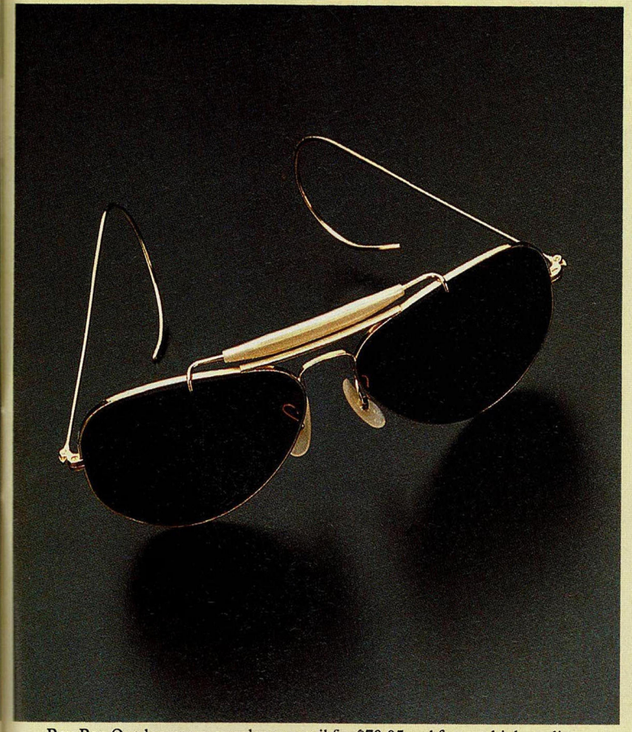

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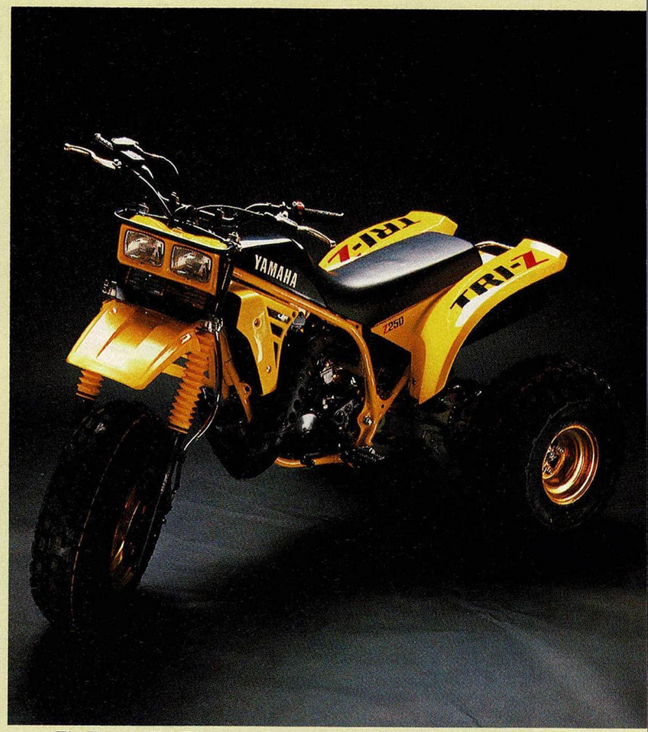

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WHAT A BOTTLER *(continued from page 52)*

The amber fluid began life not as a fluid at all but as a delightfully intoxicating between-meal snack.

Cooper family in Adelaide. Cooper's, which has been the only family-owned brewery in Australia for more than 50 years, has long been established as a cult beer. Two-and-a-half years ago it was described in these pages as "a beer for men who like to feel their bellies burgeon with yeasty warmth, men who like the foam to stick to their beards, men who fart in bed and shove their woman's head under the blankets." But above all this, Cooper's, bottle-fermented with its natural sediment and without a trace of preservative, is perceived to be a natural, healthy beer, producing a warm glow rather than rabid intoxication.

Cooper's Sparkling Ale, the best seller for the brewery, is made today in exactly the same way Thomas Cooper first made it when he migrated to Adelaide from Yorkshire more than 120 years ago. Strictly speaking it is not a good ale, a certain muddiness detracting from the golden clarity of the best of the style. However, Cooper's Sparkling is a typical Australian pioneer beer, true to a period when brewers almost outnumbered drinkers and, in such places as the Victorian goldfields, necessity became the mother of invention.

The beer-drinking tradition of Australia was well established by the time free settler John Boston set up the first brewery in Sydney in 1794, some four tonnes of British ale having arrived with Captain Cook a quarter century before. In the first few years of the next century, the colonial government started its own brewery in Sydney Town, and soon found that the warm and essentially dry climate made for powerful thirsts.

Based on the sound economic principle that more will drink more, the brewing industry flourished as new settlers arrived from Europe throughout the century. By 1871 gold-rich Victoria had a population of 800,000 which was served by no fewer than 126 breweries. Twenty years later there were some 21 large-scale breweries in Sydney alone.

For the first hundred years, Australians drank the heavy brown ale of the old country which, despite being served lukewarm, seemed to slake the thirsts of the working men. However, as time wore on and the population became more diversified, there was a demand for the beer styles of other countries. In Melbourne some German immigrants founded the Gambrinus Brewery in 1885 and made the first Australian lager, but it was the arrival of the Foster brothers from New York City just three years later which really shook the industry up.

The Fosters also began to make a light, sparkling lager which differed greatly from the brown ales and stouts served exclusively in most of the pubs of the day, but what set them apart from Gambrinus and others who began brewing lager was their simple but brilliant marketing strategy. The Foster brothers delivered their lager in horse-drawn wagons full of ice. Every keg sold was accompanied by enough ice to ensure that the lager reached the lips of patrons the way the brothers intended it to — icy cold.

And with this simple but enormously effective ploy, the Fosters changed the drinking habits of a nation for generations to come, and in so doing created a huge cultural gap between the Mother Country and her errant antipodean child which lasted until a year or so ago when Foster's sent Paul Hogan back to England to show the Poms how to chill their tinnies.

Unfortunately for the long-term future of Australian beer, the Fosters, having made a big buck in the dying years of the century, were unable to say no to a takeover bid and in 1907 amalgamated their Collingwood brewery with five others to form Carlton and United Breweries, the first of the mega-brewers.

The interesting but relatively briet history of Australian beer is, however, as nothing when compared to the world history of the amber fluid, which began life not as a fluid at all, but as a delightfully intoxicating between-meal snack.

About 3500 years before Christ, the Mesopotamians working the fields of the low country between the Tigris and Euphrates rivers tumbled on to a good hit — in much the same way, one imagines, the Indians of the Andes somehow got around to sucking a coca leaf and the rest was

Phil Sexton's Sail And Anchor, the flagship of what's been called the most sophisticated small brewery in the world.

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history. In the case of the field workers, some of their number took to picking wild barley and chewing it as they worked. Once they'd extracted the nourishment they would spit out the cud. Now those cuds of barley were often liberally coated with spittle, and in the spittle was a natural enzyme of the mouth called thyalin. Its effect on the barley over some time was to break down barley starch into fermentable sugars, one of which was maltose.

After several days the concentration of maltose would increase and wild airborne yeast would infect it and create a crude ferment. In the fullness of time the field workers — or perhaps their slower brethren, who had missed out on the fresh stuff — picked up the rotting cud, popped it in for one last suck. . . and discovered beer. News of the buzz to be had from rotting barley travelled like wildfire up and down the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates.

Oddly enough, while the Mesopotamians are widely credited with being the first to ferment beer, similar biochemical discoveries were made in cultures as far apart as Africa and China over the next couple of centuries. Man had always sought intoxication at the lowest price, and the fermentation of staples meant that even the lowliest peasant could get his rocks off. Thus, from the humble sucking of barley, an industry was born which cut across barriers of religion and class. In ancient Babylon the temple princesses became the brewers of their courts; in early Christian times one of the major tasks of the monastic monks was to supply beer to thirsty travellers; the armies of Julius Caesar fought on a bellyful of Dutch courage, and no peasant dreamed of heading off for a day's work without his beer ration baked into his daily bread.

None of this is immediately apparent when you walk into the bar of the Sail And Anchor and order one of the 12 draught beers available. However, there is a sense of history and tradition in everything about the place, and when its owner opens up on any aspect of brewing these past 5500 years, you begin to understand that for Phil Sexton drinking beer is not just enjoyable — it is a holy rite.

Born in Melbourne and raised in the wine country of the west (he is now the proud owner of a vineyard at Margaret River), Sexton completed a science degree in Perth with a view to becoming a winemaker. However, short of a buck in the Christmas holidays, he took a job at the Swan brewery and immediately fell in love with the art/science of making beer. He forsook the wine industry, at least temporarily, and became indentured as a brewer, working his way up from mopping floors to being one of four brewers who worked on the development of Swan Special Light, the first of the light beers to actually look and taste like beer, and arguably still the best of the style.

After the challenging work on Special Light, Sexton took a break from Swan and did a two-year master's degree in biochemistry in Britain, specialising in the fermentation of beer. He complemented this knowledge with the practical benefits of bar-hanging in some of the loveliest taverns in the world. But Sexton is not a serious drinker: rather, he is a serious student of social drinking, and he spent this time formulating his ideas on how to create optimum conditions for this practice.

When he returned to Australia he realised his days at Swan were numbered. He had observed the English trend back to village brews, and realised that the mass marketing of beer was not where his future lay. He cast around for backers and was soon introduced to Perth businessman Peter Briggs, who had long held the ambition of starting a brewery to take on Swan. Sexton talked him out of that and into becoming a major shareholder in a high-quality local brewery which would service its own retail outlets.

Says Sexton: "We simply felt that the future in brewing in this country was to produce small amounts of very high quality beer on a local level, and we were able to convince Peter of this. We formed a company and became the first new blood in Australian brewing in almost a century."

Sexton: "We simply felt that the future in brewing in this country was to produce small amounts of very high quality beer on a local level."

The new brewery differed from most of the "boutique" operations in England and the United States in that it had substantial capital behind it and, although small, the Anchor brewing room was equipped with technologically sophisticated gear. The Matilda Bay brewery which followed had equipment which was state of the art. Thus Sexton was able to use highly sophisticated brewing techniques to reproduce beer flavors which had all but passed into drinking history.

Anchor beer won immediate acceptance in Perth, but the company's first few months were nevertheless very trying. For one thing, Sexton and Briggs were required to post a $25,000 premium for their brewer's licence.

"We protested the amount at the hearing," Sexton explains, "but the chairman simply asked us if we intended to proceed even if he didn't change it. We said we would, under protest. The chairman said, 'Well, you must be able to afford it then.' We survived it but that's a hell of a lot of money to fork out for the privilege of taking a risk with your own money and employing people while you do it."

It also soon became apparent that Anchor's bottle prices would never be competitive. With high overheads on a small production scale, and the 70 cents a litre tax on beer, Sexton soon found that his wholesale prices were higher than Swan's retail. He immediately abandoned all wholesaling plans. The Anchor brews, and the new Matilda Bay products, are now available only from Sexton's own outlets and a few restaurants in Fremantle and Perth. But this, too, has turned in Sexton's favor. Among the increasing numbers of pre-America's Cup tourists there is a high proportion of beer snobs — those punishing characters who would walk a mile over hot coals to be able to produce from the fridge a beer that none of the boys has ever seen. The bottle shop at the Sail And Anchor does a roaring trade with just such customers.

But for Phil Sexton the pleasure of brewing the old-fashioned way is in seeing the satisfaction of the patrons as they gurgle the draught. The tiny Anchor brewery produces around 4500 litres a week, 3000 of which are consumed on the premises. The rest is bottled for immediate sale or for stockpiling, to be released in about a year's time as aged beer.

Says Sexton: "It's a great thrill to see people enjoying our beer, but I would be greatly concerned if this became a swill pub. That would be terribly disappointing."

Although Sexton's personal preference is for traditional English ale (a style which he says Anchor does as well as anyone in the world), the Sail And Anchor has its own German-style lager on tap as well as a variety of stout styles and, occasionally, the notorious "Dogbolter". This is a dark ale of such terrifying potency — generally 10 percent alcohol by volume, but a recent batch came out at 12½ percent, thereby making the *Guinness Book Of Records* as the world's strongest ale — that Sexton saves it for special occasions, such as long weekends.

"If we put it on too often it would lower the tone of the place," he says. "This way everyone looks forward to a Dogbolter night and makes the necessary arrangements to deal with the rather curious effects of a few pints of the stuff."

As he talks about the effects of the Dogbolter, it becomes clear that for Sexton this is a vicarious thrill. Unlike so many publicans, Phil Sexton is not one to imbibe the profits. In addition to his immense workload he spends days off tending to his vineyard at Margaret River and, until a recent back injury put him out of the sport, he was an expert hang-glider.

"There simply isn't time to prop up the bar," he says. "And anyway, the more time I spent doing that, the less I would enjoy each pint. . . and that would be a real sin."

STING *(continued from page 38)*

Police had a hit so we came back to England as conquering heroes. I was famous overnight.

I knew success would come of it. Maybe I would. I mean, we played for three people at first.

PLAYBOY: Literally?

STING: Literally three people. There were a couple of instances where it was embarrassingly small and to sort of take away the pomp and ceremony, I actually got off stage and introduced myself to the members of the audience and them to each other. "This is Charlie, Brenda. Why don't you all sit at one table?" So they'd all sit at one table and we'd perform for them. We were just billed as this band from England. We had no record out in America or anything. We couldn't get gigs in England so we'd just gone over to see America and see what happened. We put a show on every night. And we were great. We *killed* the three people in the audience.

PLAYBOY: How did you end up after your first US tour?

STING: After 12 weeks of touring, I brought my wife back 10 American dollars. I said, "That's it."

PLAYBOY: What happened next?

STING: During the US tour, the Police had a hit, so we came back to England as conquering heroes. Weird. Also, *Quadrophenia* came out the same time in England. It was suddenly like this explosion. I was famous overnight. I went from nowhere to being really big.

PLAYBOY: Big or not, rapid change seems crucial in your life. For instance, your feelings about love have either changed or you're schizophrenic. Last year it was "Every breath you take, every move you make. . . I'll be watching you. . ." Then came "If you love somebody, set them free. . ."

STING: That's actually the reason I wrote *If You Love Somebody, Set Them Free,* as an antidote to that. It virtually contradicts everything in *Every Breath You Take.* I think love has something to do with allowing a person you claim to love to enter a larger arena than the one you create for them. We fall into the trap of finding someone we think we love and then locking it up, or being locked up yourself by that.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in monogamy?

STING: It's becoming more fashionable again that you only have one person to relate to. I'm not sure it's terribly good for you. It's just so rare to find someone who can be all things to you; that's a lot of pressure. I think this stoicism about one-man-one-woman might be heroic to some people, but I have no regrets about any of the women I've had relationships with. Whether the relationships failed miserably or not, I learned a lot from the situations and gave a lot and can't regret it. I can't say I've sinned because I failed to be monogamous. It's a matter of chemicals in a relationship — as the chemicals become acclimatised to one another, the chemical reaction between you lessens. There's a less violent coming together. It's like you become addicted to orgasm, addicted to a violent, strong sensation and when it ceases to be powerful, you must shake your situation up to get it again.

PLAYBOY: It sounds like you're advocating intense, short-term relationships. When things pass the new, most exciting stages, do you move on?

STING: No, I just don't think you should have any hard and fast rules about it. I think you should know what you're getting into. I can't fly a flag for monogamy or whatever the opposite is; it depends on the person and on the situation.

PLAYBOY: Why did you marry the first time if you feel this way?

STING: I was 23 years old. It seemed to be the right thing to do. It certainly made that part of my life a little easier by being married. I had less explaining to do in that sense. Now I don't have to explain anything.

PLAYBOY: You don't accept marriage as a symbol of commitment, or providing a family for children?

STING: Well, I have four children who are being well looked after: they have their shoes on and a nanny and food. I'm not much of a family man, really. I'm just not that into it. I love kids, I adore them, but I don't want to live my life for them.

PLAYBOY: Is it hard for you to maintain a relationship with a woman because of the pop star lifestyle?

STING: You have to choose your lady friends very carefully — someone who does not care about your being a pop star, or rich.

PLAYBOY: Are you good at knowing?

STING: I think so, yeah. I've always been good at sort of weighing people up. I think to live around my lifestyle you need to be very tough and very self-assured about your own persona, because so much attention comes to me.

PLAYBOY: Are there times when all the pop star stuff gets to be too much?

STING: There are times when you don't want to do it, yeah. But generally it is quite a pleasant, confirming experience. We spend much of our childhood and adolescence craving attention. I have attention now. I've had my nightmare time, too, but it's part of the game, I suppose.

PLAYBOY: What brought you out of that nightmare period, when your marriage split up?

STING: Well, I had placed a lot of faith in my

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marriage. Once that went, there was a vacuum, and if I hadn't filled it with something I think I would have gone the way of all flesh.

PLAYBOY: What did you fill it with?

STING: A more spiritual way of dealing with the world. I went into Jungian analysis and I read books. It is an awareness of something larger than the sort of mechanical universe we live in. It took crisis to open me up to the possibility.

PLAYBOY: How have Jung and that branch of psychology affected you?

STING: The most significant effect was the realisation that I can use the demons inside me to create. I don't have to suffer and be miserable to create. I thought I did. I thought the only way to operate was by creating conflict, tension, putting pressure on myself and other people. But now I think differently. I think there is a way of inspiring yourself from inside in a positive way. It's a very negative thing to have to live through crisis in order to write and perform. It's self-destructive and it's a bit of a cliche. Once you get inside it there's no way out, except madness, and I really don't want to become mad. I'm very afraid of being mad, that's my one fear.

PLAYBOY: Are you a candidate?

STING: For madness? Um, I have been. I seem to thrive on friction, or I have in the past, and I have deliberately set out to cause friction. I am sure there are other more gentle, and hopefully more profound ways of doing it.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

STING: There's no one thing. I've grown. I consider myself an adult now. I write and perform as an adult, not as a petulant schoolboy, although I can still lapse into that sort of mindset.

PLAYBOY: Let's get some quick adult impressions of your peers in the music business since the experience of working with them on the Live Aid concert is fresh in your mind. What do you think of Bowie?

STING: An original. Most modern bands are facsimiles of David Bowie. A lot of singers are imitators of David Bowie. I have great respect for him.

PLAYBOY: Mick Jagger?

STING: I like Mick. But knowing him, it's hard to judge his work. My prejudices evaporate. And rock'n'roll is too hard a life for me to come down hard on people.

PLAYBOY: Peter Townshend of The Who?

STING: Peter Townshend shows us it's all right to grow up. There is dignity after rock'n'roll.

PLAYBOY: Prince?

STING: Prince is a great musician, but I worry about his losing his sense of humor, about the deification syndrome that exists in rock'n'roll. I hate to see people trapping themselves in their own ivory tower. He's said he'll never tour again; to me that's death.

PLAYBOY: Michael Jackson?

STING: One of the rewards of success is freedom, the ability to do whatever you like. To instead lose your freedom, which is what seems to have happened to Michael, is tragic. I don't know the guy, but to lead such a rarefied life seems tragic to me.

PLAYBOY: How about —

STING: Perry Como?

PLAYBOY: We were going to mention one more name — Paul McCartney.

STING: I worry about McCartney too. I think he isn't sure what to do anymore. There is fear of growing up in rock'n'roll, of progressing, of experimenting, of incorporating what one has learned. McCartney is a genius in many ways, but I think he should push himself to do work that's more serious. His Beatles work was as important as Lennon's was — more important in some cases — and he is one of the people in the world who could take more risks. If you have already accomplished a certain amount, you want to move ahead and break new ground. Another thing about McCartney: I thought his choice of song for the Live Aid concert was a bit odd. He did *Let It Be* — but the whole point of the concert was to do something, to change things, to *not* let it be.

PLAYBOY: You criticise McCartney for not doing more serious music, but you've been criticised for being too serious — even pretentious — in your latest album.

STING: Yeah, there has been some of "How dare he write songs that mean anything? Who does he think he is?" That worries me. We've become too conditioned to think of pop music as standing for nothing. But the greater response in England has been that people are affected by the political messages in the songs.

PLAYBOY: Are you always this serious?

STING: Me? Serious? I'm a complete maniac. I really do have my moments of madness, although few people are privy to it. It takes one of the people close to me to bring me out of myself. I've been known to roll on the floor for half an hour — it comes out in the studio sometimes, like in the song *Dream Of The Blue Turtles* on the album, which started with me rolling around for 20 minutes, completely and utterly mad, cackling, for no apparent reason. It's a side I show to only a few friends.

PLAYBOY: We ask not just because of this interview, but because a lot of your songs are very serious, melancholy pieces of work.

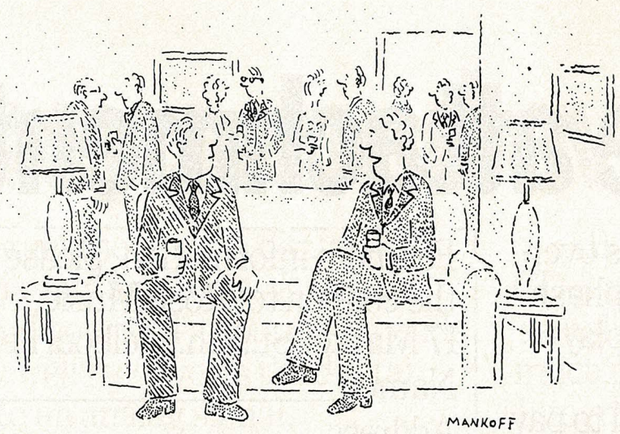
STING: I think I have a voice that lends itself better to melancholy than it does to "let's have a party" songs, although I can do those. Still, I think you can get the wrong impression about me from my work and think I'm always a bit down. I'm not that way at all. I'm fun-loving. I like messing around, but it never stopped me switching over. I really don't know whether I would choose the Van Gogh or the Paul McCartney School Of Arts. Is there anything in between? [*laughing*]

All in all, I've emerged, I think, in pretty good shape. I didn't take the other ways out — drugs, which are always there as a crutch, always around you, especially in rock and roll. The old rock and roll cliche: "Hope I die before I get old. Live now, die young, have a beautiful corpse." I've been through all that. I almost did leave a beautiful corpse.

I think in rock and roll the blueprint for disaster is a very clear one. That book has already been written. Elvis Presley, Sid Vicious, Jimi Hendrix. The blueprint for survival hasn't yet been written, in my opinion, and that's a much more original route. I'd like to write it. That's the one I really want to write.

PLAYBOY: Will you write it?

STING: Yes, and it will be just like my songs. The issues might be very serious and ponderous, everything might sometimes seem desperate and pointless, but they're about the glimmer of hope — the light at the end of the tunnel. Which we hope isn't a train. [*laughing*]



"I was surprised myself, but living apart, seeing other people, and having virtually nothing to do with each other actually has made our marriage stronger."

SEX NEWS

Our sex advisers bring you the latest sex news and views.

Until recently I have never encountered problems associating with the opposite sex. I'm quite a good looking guy and have had numerous girlfriends, and since 16 I've enjoyed having sex. I thought I knew myself sexually but I've come across a stumbling block which has greatly affected my relationship with my girlfriend.

You see, this may sound corny, but I've fallen deeply in love with my present girlfriend who's 25. When having sex with previous girlfriends it always took me ages to climax. Having this ability to control myself gave me lots of time to play around and enjoy what sex is all about. Now I find I cannot control my feelings, and I become so excited so quickly that I immediately reach orgasm. I then get so angry because I haven't given my partner time to enjoy the experience and I find it hard to become erect again.

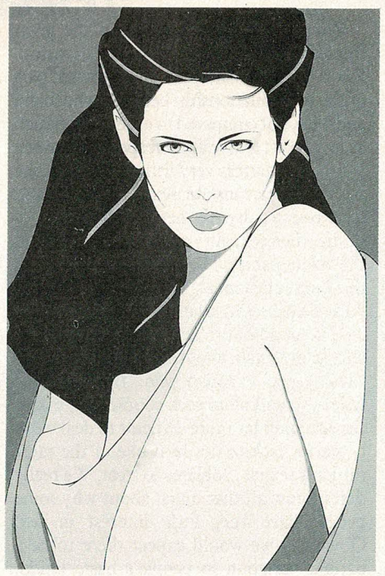
What really frustrates and depresses me is that initially when going to bed with my present girlfriend I could perform very well, enough to satisfy her every time. We enjoyed long hours of love-making, with my partner showing me many things, being older and knowing what she wanted. The relationship between us was like a fairy tale for about three and a half months because everything was so good, and all my friends envied me for having an ex-dancer with looks and a body to match. We were fully compatible in every respect; communication and sex were no problem. We were having sex on an average of twice a day anywhere and everywhere, and enjoying it.

What I think has happened is that I've finally fallen in love, and with this I've experienced a feeling I've never had before. I am so depressed because I can see how frustrated I leave my partner when I become excited so quickly. I know she loves me because she tries to comfort me and says a relationship isn't based on sex alone, but this only makes me more depressed. Now when we go to bed, she convinces herself that she's tired and doesn't want to have sex because of this. But I know she really aches for us to be the way we were.

— F.L., Vic.

Your story recalls the man who prided himself on being a great sexual performer and never experienced the slightest difficulty in responding whenever he wanted to. . . until he fell in love. Then for the first time in his life he found himself floundering, unable to get an erection. He was in a great panic wanting to know what had gone wrong. On the contrary, however, everything was right — he actually wanted to *make love* to his lady. It mattered, she mattered, and hence his body was just overwhelmed by the importance of the occasion.

The same thing is happening to you and, like him, you have to accept that the combination of love and sex is a very heady mixture. This isn't just recreation, it's the real thing and it *is* nerve-racking. You will get through this stage, as he did, *provided* you don't talk yourself into thinking you have a problem. It must be extremely frustrating for her to see you over-react in this way, but if she continues to avoid sex you will only make things worse for both of you. What you need to do is to *accept* that your body is reacting perfectly naturally to the heady rush of emotion you are experiencing. It probably will take a while before you calm down again and you must adapt your love-making accordingly. So what if you do come quickly? Just enjoy the experience. Making love for the first time is



wonderfully exciting; you can then use the time between your first and second erection to explore all sorts of exciting new ways of giving her pleasure. You can really get to know that wonderful body of hers, and in the process you will find you have no difficulty becoming aroused a second time. It's all a question of accepting and enjoying what is happening to you, talking to her about it so she doesn't feel tense and confused, and just giving yourselves some time to adjust to this new phase in your relationship.

My girlfriend and I have been going out together for more than 14 months, and I always thought we had a wonderful relationship. I recently went on a three-month visit to Europe by myself. When I returned, she told me she'd been to a few parties, got drunk and slept with two different guys on separate occasions. As we'd promised each other to be faithful, and I'd kept my promise, I was most upset, and still am, even though this happened some months ago. I find I am constantly bringing the matter up, which I know I shouldn't do; she gets very upset and begs me to forget the whole thing and live in the present. Should I blame her for what she's done, or is it okay if you're drunk?

— J.S., Qld.

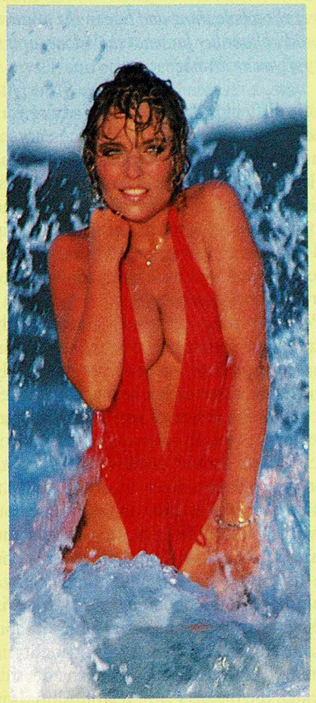
It is difficult to know what to advise you. It seems rather odd that it was necessary for you both to promise to be faithful before the holiday. That implies a distinct lack of trust in each other. If sexual fidelity was an important component in your relationship and you are really committed to each other, surely it would not have been necessary to extract such a promise.

Perhaps your girlfriend never really shared your commitment to monogamy in your relationship. Alcohol may certainly have played a part in her sexual adventures but it hardly accounts for breaking your agreement twice. It's not really a question of whether you should blame her but rather what your chances are of establishing a relationship where you can really agree on the importance of fidelity. It is a vital issue in any relationship. Quite apart from the two extremes of absolute monogamy/fidelity or a totally open marriage, there is often an unspoken agreement *not* to kiss and tell, meaning some degree of infidelity is permitted provided it is discreet and doesn't threaten the primary love relationship. It is more important for you two to honestly sit down and try to work out your feelings about your future relationship than to dwell on past mistakes.

I feel the thrust of sex between loving couples should be good, clean fun, and for that I say hooray and wish it were so between my wife and me, but unfortunately she seems to see it as an ordeal and the very idea of it causes a mental shutter to roll down which precludes any good, clean fun except on very odd occasions. I must add that when she does approach it in this positive frame of mind, she is terrific and we both enjoy it. But for some reason this does not spur her on to do the same thing next time and it may be anything from three to eight weeks before we next make love. The prospect of an uneasy ordeal is always the most likely outcome, which is hopelessly unsatisfying for both of us and then, of course, we are back to square one and complete negativity again.

NEXT MONTH

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: **TONY GREIG** HITS OUT ON THE STATE OF AUSSIE CRICKET, KERRY PACKER AND TURMOIL IN SOUTH AFRICA.



LOVELY **LINDA KRIJGSMAN** IS JUST WILD ABOUT THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN OUTDOORS.

BEATS WORKIN': IS **ROCK 'N' ROLL** THE SURE-FIRE WAY TO FAME AND FORTUNE?

BAFFLED BY GRIDIRON? CHECK OUT OUR STEP-BY-STEP GUIDE TO **AMERICAN FOOTBALL.**

TOURIST TRAPS: AUSSIES ABROAD ARE TARGETS FOR EVERY RIP-OFF MERCHANT IN TOWN.

She is certainly not frigid, she can orgasm (although it is rare), she can give and get a good time. It seems to be desire that she lacks; the problem is I don't seem to be able to figure out what I can do to stimulate desire and as a result we make love very rarely (never more than once a month) and I am terribly frustrated.

I must point out we love each other very much. We have been married for eight years; I am 32 and she is 31. We have two beautiful boys whom we both adore. Generally I would say our relationship is excellent — we love and respect each other and our marriage is a very good one. Because of this I find her lack of desire for me so hard to accept.

I have never played around with other women, but I guess I have reached a point of such frustration and desire for intimacy and a woman's touch that I am afraid the next time an opportunity presents itself, I might take it.

If she were frigid and couldn't enjoy making love I would at least understand, but because she can enjoy it, I can't fathom her lack of desire for me. She will not even entertain the idea of counselling or professional advice or help.

— F.W., ACT.

Your letter illustrates one of the great ironies about sexuality within a relationship. Sex *is* trivial: it isn't such an important part of the total relationship between a husband and wife, not compared to other things such as love, trust and mutual respect. When sex is good, it matters very little. But when one person is yearning for sexual warmth, and feels rejected by his/her partner's lack of desire, then sexuality can loom very large in the relationship. The sad thing is that, in those circumstances, tension over sex can poison the best of relationships.

It is so sad not to feel wanted and not be able to even talk about something which is causing you so much pain. The fact your wife is unwilling to seek counselling makes the situation far more difficult to deal with; however, lack of desire *is* one of the most difficult sexual problems to treat. We really don't know all that much about why some people have very little interest in sex. Obviously we would expect there to be a natural variation in people's basic libido. But, in your wife's case, the fact she reacts so aggressively to any discussion of the topic suggests there may be some more complex psychological reason why her desire should wax and wane. It is quite likely that she has no idea why she reacts as she does, she knows how much she is hurting you and feels guilty about it, and her feelings of confusion and anxiety are expressed through hostility. It is easier for her to feel angry at you and to regard your interest in sex as unreasonable than it is to explore her own attitudes. Maybe it would be worth writing her a letter. She won't let you talk about it but she would probably read what you have to say. A careful letter would enable you to explain the difference between sexual desire and your need for intimacy and closeness, and your desire to feel wanted by her. In writing down your feelings you will have some hope that she will begin to understand what is happening between you and it may just possibly break down some of the mounting tension. Perhaps you could even suggest she write down something for you about her reactions to your letter.

Apart from that you must keep plugging away, showing her how much you love her, enjoying the good things between you, relishing the happy times and just hope that gradually her feelings may change. Many women do blossom sexually as they grow older and thereby manage to overcome some of the inhibitions and resistances which may have lowered sexual desire earlier in their lives. Hang in there; obviously she loves and appreciates you, even though something is preventing her from showing it in the way you would like.

Mine is a rather unusual problem. My wife and I have a most enjoyable sex life, in fact it has got very much better in recent years since our kids are a little bit older and my wife isn't so tied down and tired. She seems to be enjoying sex a lot more and that brings me to the problem. Now when she reaches orgasm, she makes a lot of noise: she groans and cries out, which really embarrasses me. I worry the neighbors and the kids may hear her (they are now teenagers). She thinks I'm silly to worry but I'd like to know what you think.

— N.C., SA.

Your wife's obviously having a terrific time and it seems a shame she should have to dampen down her response just because the neighbors *may* be embarrassed. You are not the first husband to complain about a noisy wife. Women do tend to be more vocal about such matters. Don't worry about your children. Hopefully you have given them some basic sex education, explaining what is involved in love-making and including information about the different ways people react during orgasm. Provided they know what is going on, there is no reason why they should be embarrassed that their mother has such an uninhibited enjoyment of sex.

The best solution would be to plan your accommodation to provide the privacy you need to enjoy uninhibited love-making. If you are planning to move in the near future, why not look for a house where the master bedroom is quite separate from the rest of the bedrooms (and preferably a long way from the nearest neighbors).

But it's really not such a problem and plenty of men reading this would gladly swap places with you and would enjoy the neighbors' envious glances.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to: Sex Adviser, c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We welcome inquiries but regret we can't always reply to each reader.

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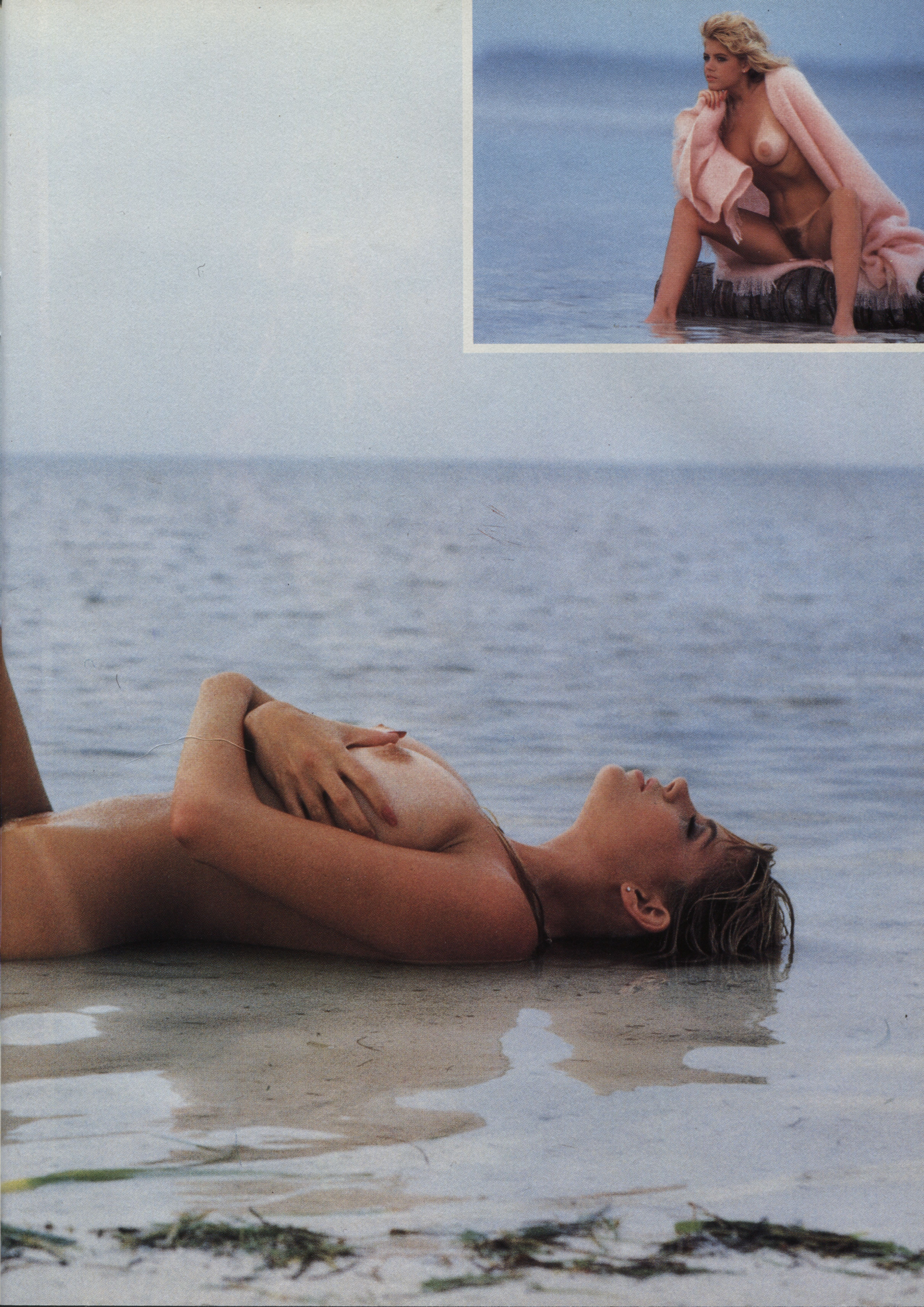
Alternative photos from the more explicit NSW/VIC version

DEALING WITH LIFE

Lovely Pam Saunders may have had the puberty blues but now things are turning up trumps.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

Though you probably wouldn't find much on them in Australia's medical books, growing pains are a very real and probably unavoidable affliction. And although you may find it hard to believe, beautiful Pam Saunders had more than her fair share of the puberty blues while she was growing up in a small country town. "I never could get guys interested in me," she admits. "And I was really clumsy. I could screw up anything — fall down stairs, knock stuff over. Even now when I eat, I always spill something! But I'm learning to cope with things. I still get depressed but now I go out and do something about it. As for guys, they'll probably all flock around after this pictorial." No worries on that score, Pam! "I love men to death!" declares Pam. "But, you know, I let them get to me. I get very nervous. I don't think I want to get married. . ." Pam admits she dreams of having her own bar-cum-restaurant, and her current preoccupation is with gambling. "I like dealing blackjack," she says, "and I like to play. I do all right. I don't bet a lot of money, I just like the challenge. I like to challenge men. I'm a better blackjack player than most of them!"



LONG TALL ALI

Leggy Sydney model Ali Lynwood shows why she's never been short of admirers.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB WATSON

Twenty-three-year-old Ali Lynwood got her first taste of the glamorous world of modelling and show business when she was just 16. Ali was working as a receptionist at a Sydney casting agency when one day actress Jacki Weaver came into the office and asked her why she was wasting her time behind a desk instead of getting in front of the cameras. Ali admits she was rather starstruck at the time and she couldn't help but be envious of the earning power of the stars she was meeting. "I figured it wouldn't be a bad idea to be part of the action," she says. Ali started off with a modelling assignment for Australian *Vogue* and since, she's had a busy life doing plenty of other magazine work as well as fashion parades and TV commercials. Although all that work has kept Ali in the public eye, she is philosophical about the modelling business. "It's got a bit of glamor but there's a lot of hard work too. It's a give and take world," she explains. To most models, give and take means a daily battle with the tape measure and bathroom scales, but Ali says she's never had a weight problem.

"I can eat anything anytime and still keep as slim

"I like good physiques. I love looking at men's bodies. But physical appearance is not the most important thing. Someone who is sincere and faithful is also very attractive."

as when I was 17. Just lucky I guess!" she laughs. Ali says she's never had to do much exercise either to keep her trim figure. "I used to ride and show-jump horses and that kept me fit. I've just returned from a year's working holiday in Perth and I'm back exercising a friend's horse on weekends. It won't be long until I get a horse of my own and then I'll go back to a bit of competition riding." During winter Ali loves to go to the ski-fields but she admits that she's a summer girl at heart. "I love just lying on the beach with my Walkman and a good book," she says. "Then people don't come up and bug me when I'm sun-baking topless." Ali has done some research into her favorite beaches, and that includes some overseas investigations. Her choices are Sydney's Camp Cove, Perth's Swanbourne Beach, Hawaii and Bali. Swanbourne is a nudist beach and has earned a bit of a reputation for its annual Nude Olympics. "It was while I was at Swanbourne that I decided to try out to be a Playmate," says Ali. "Lying nude on the beach I couldn't help thinking that if I could do that in public, it would be easy to take off my clothes in front of the camera."

"My motto is never go backwards. I look ahead, and that goes for my career and relationships."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEAN-PIERRE BOURGEOIS AND MICHEL MOREAU

HERE COMES THE SUN

Close friends gather on a deserted beach to celebrate the start of a long, hot summer.

An isolated beach, the first hot days of summer, and close friends find time to enjoy a few blissful hours of solitude together.

What are Nicole's thoughts as she feels the sand beneath her feet, the cool water caressing her bare skin? Certainly not the cares of the city, the boyfriends left far behind. Now is the time for purely sensuous pleasures, for clearing her mind of everyday thoughts, and allowing herself to relax completely with her most intimate and erotic fantasies.

Perhaps she wishes for a fleeting moment that that special person could be with her. But, no, now is the time to simply lie back and let other kinds of indulgence hold sway.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL LEGGE

ABOUT FACE

Beautiful Ann Mellor is making up for lost time.

Beautiful Ann Mellor is a free-lance make-up artist who has worked on various films and TV programs seen across Australia. "I like the film work the best," she says. "It's a real buzz going on location and meeting all the stars. Everyone gets totally involved during the course of the shooting. It's like we're all in it together, part of a team, and I love that feeling of togetherness.

"It feels really funny," explains Ann, "to be in front of the cameras. I'm usually the one who's making other women look perfect for filming. A lot of people have told me I should take up modelling or acting but I've been too nervous." It's obvious that Ann overcame her fears for her PLAYBOY pictorial shoot. She settled into the routine like a real trouper. Watch out, talent scouts and film directors. This is one young lady who's making up for lost time!